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The Ludgate Cartoona, No. 2.



The Crimson Twins.

An authentic account of some episodes in the life of Barbara Felton, written by herself and edited by

H. J. ESSEX.

Introductory note by His Grace the Duke of St. Neots.

MANY years ago, when I was a young man, circumstances which I need not detail caused me to save a native gentleman of India from the hands of an infuriated mob in a town of one of the Western States of America, where at that time no distinction was made between men of colour, and any person who was not a white was liable to be executed at a moment's notice under the infamous procedure of Judge Lynch. I say that I rescued the man from the mob, but I was not able to save his life, and he died the next day in my room at the hotel, whither he was carried after being abominably maltreated by the herd of ruffians from whose hands I saved him.

He was quite conscious before he died and profuse and even extravagant in his professions of gratitude to myself, and before he composed himself with Eastern calmness and resignation for death, he made me his heir by giving me the one thing of value that he possessed.

At the time that he gave it to me I did not know what it was, for it was enclosed in a small packet which the Indian handed to me with great solemnity, and which I received think-

ing at the moment more of the giver than the gift. But after he was dead, and I had seen that he was decently buried, I opened the packet, and to my extreme astonishment I found inside it a monstrous ruby enclosed in a piece of parchment which was covered with Eastern characters.

As soon as I arrived at New York, to which place I was then on my way, I took the stone to a jeweller and the parchment to a translator. The former told me that my jewel was not an Oriental ruby, but one of the inferior spinel kind, and that therefore it was not of an excessive value, though a splendid specimen of its class. As to the latter, he had a surprising story to tell. He informed me that the writing on the piece of parchment related to the stone round which it had been wrapped. It was couched in the flowery and hyperbolic language of the East, and after giving first of all a description of the spinel, of its octagonal shape and its weight of over 150 carats, it went on to say that the stone was of great antiquity, and ended with the following sentence:

"Let it be known to any person into whose hands either of the sacred stones

known as 'The Crimson Twins' may come, that once in every fifty years they are endowed by the Blessed One with life, and each will seek its twin; and, wheresoever in the world the Crimson Twins may be, and with whomsoever they may deign to dwell, at the appointed time they will seek each other out until they come together, and then, each having found its twin, they are at rest for another fifty years."

Underneath these extraordinary words two dates were inscribed corresponding to 1798 and 1848 in our calendar.

Even at the time at which I am speaking I knew something of precious stones—a knowledge which I have since materially extended—and I had heard of the Afghan belief that where one large ruby is found another will always be discovered lying close beside it. I knew that in 1861 two spinels had arrived in London of the same shape and size, and it was quite possible that a twin stone might exist to the splendid specimen that I held in my hand. That was credible, though I did not take the word of the parchment for it; but when the translator gravely pointed out to me that the two dates inscribed at the bottom of the paper were exactly fifty years apart, and that the fact that they were there seemed to give a colour of truth to the incredible statement of the document, I could not help a smile at his credulity, and, as I left him, taking the stone and the parchment with me, I laughingly told him that, if I were alive and the ruby were in my possession when the next fifty years was up, I would let him know if it had started off on its travels to find its mate.

Poor man! He was killed a week or two afterwards in a street accident and cannot read the story to which this short account of my first meeting with the ruby is prefixed. Otherwise the laugh might be on his side, though even now I cannot believe the thing to be more than a coincidence, while then I thought so little of the story that on the occasion when His Royal Highness the father of the prince whose name has for obvious reasons been concealed in

the following narrative under the title of the Prince of Schweigstein, honoured me with a visit and condescended to admire my jewel, I disregarded the fable of the parchment and begged him to accept it, which he was kind enough to do, afterwards placing it in the centre of the hereditary crown of that kingdom.

And now I must relinquish the pen to another hand. I have tried to put down the story of the Indian's parchment as shortly and as baldly as I could, lest, if I spread over it the glamour of romance, people might be tempted to believe in a thing which is impossible. The sequel was certainly strange, and I do not say that I believe or disbelieve. I only know one thing. It was one of the Crimson Twins that gave me the greatest piece of good fortune I have ever had in my life, and if, as I am sometimes tempted to think, the extraordinary qualities credited by the parchment to the two rubies had anything to do with it, I thank the Indian from the bottom of my heart.

I have but one more word to add and that concerns my cousin Richard Delahay. It is grievous to me that a man who bears my name should have played so evil a part in the events about to be narrated. For years I screened his reputation when I knew he was a scoundrel, but now the latter part of his life and the manner of his death are so notorious that it would serve no purpose for his name to be concealed, and considering that I have been blamed for allowing him to take irretrievably to evil courses, it seems due to myself that the whole truth about him, including his attempt on my life, should be made known.

Miss Felton's Narrative.

EPISODE I.

THE ECCENTRIC DIAMOND MERCHANT.

IN the autumn of the year 1896 my father returned from India and took me, then just 21 years of age, to live with him; and I was glad enough to

exchange the decorous dullness of Mrs. De Courcy's boarding establishment at Brighton for life with him in his rooms in Crescent Street, Piccadilly.

My father was a taciturn man, as commonly happens with those who have been much alone. He had been, I knew, in his later years in the service of one of the minor Indian Princes in the interior of the country little frequented by Europeans, and I supposed that he had been well paid for it, for he always seemed to have plenty of money and, though we lived quietly (for my father hated every kind of social function), we lived well. He was very indulgent to me, and never complained when I asked him to take me to plays or concerts on nights when he would no doubt

have preferred to spend a quiet evening at home or at the club; while he often told me—and I hope he did not say it merely to please me—that during the two short years we lived together before his sudden death I made our two sitting-rooms in Crescent Street more like home to him than any place in which he had lived since my mother had left him in India to bring me home as a little child to escape the evils of the climate.

It was only two years that we spent together, and the end, like so many things in life, came with extreme suddenness. I was sitting at the piano one afternoon in the November of 1898, when I heard a commotion at the door and a few minutes afterwards my father

was carried upstairs and laid on the bed from which he never rose again. He had been run over by a van in crossing Piccadilly Circus.

He was unconscious when he was brought home, but when the doctor had gone, after giving his sentence of



He had been run over, crossing Piccadilly Circus.

death, my father awoke from his stupor, called me to his bedside, and, disregarding the expressions of love and anxiety that I was eager to pour forth, asked me in a feeble but authoritative voice, and with an appearance of great agitation, to feel in the inner breast-pocket of his coat, which had been cut off his back after the accident, and see if there was a morocco case in it. I did so, and came back to the bedside and told him that there was nothing there. A dreadful change came over his face, pale as it had been. A spasm passed through it, and my father clutched feebly at the bed-clothes.

Then in broken sentences, and with great loss to his strength which I tried in vain to make him save, for he was

in great pain, he told me that the lost case contained the only fortune that he had; that it comprised the whole of his worldly wealth; and that, if it were irretrievably gone, he was leaving his only child a beggar. He went on to say that he had recently lost all his savings in some speculation, and that for the last few months we had been living on the sale of certain jewels which had been presented to him by the Indian Prince; that the last of these—a huge ruby of more than 150 carats—had been contained in the morocco case; and that on this very day he was on his way to a jewel merchant when the accident happened. The case must have been picked up by someone in the crowd that always assembles round a fallen man, and, by one of those strange chances that happen sometimes in life, it needed but a moment of time for one man to become richer and another poorer by £20,000, for at about that sum my father supposed that the value of the jewel stood.

My poor father! With such a thing in his possession it was natural that he had taken no particular thought for my future. It would have provided amply for the needs of a girl, but it was gone, and the loss of it embittered the last moments he had to spend on earth. All that I could do was to endeavour to soothe his anxiety as much as possible by suggesting that it might be returned, but I could see that this eventuality was considered all too improbable by my father, and when I suggested applying to the police, he shook his head impatiently and told me on no account to do so, but to send a messenger at once to Mr. Scrymgeour, a solicitor in the City with whom he had had dealings before.

The messenger was dispatched immediately, and my father, having spent all the strength that he should have kept for himself in making this effort on my behalf, sank into a condition of lethargy from which, I am almost glad to say, he never rallied. He could but have woken to agony of body and distress of mind, and it was better as it was. Mr. Scrymgeour came—a close-

looking but not unkindly gentleman—and he stayed with us to the end, but my father never spoke again, and at nine o'clock that same evening he died, leaving me absolutely alone in the world, and a penniless orphan, for such I clearly perceived myself to be after an interview I had with Mr. Scrymgeour, who was kind enough to call and talk over my affairs on the afternoon of the day following my father's funeral.

He was, it appeared, the executor of my father's will, but, as he informed me with some sympathy, there were no effects except a small sum in the bank, which, after the funeral expenses and what was due to the people of the house had been paid, would leave very little over.

And then I told him the story of the ruby which the grief of the last few days had put entirely out of my mind, exactly as my father had told it to me, and asked the lawyer's advice as to what it would be best to do. When I had finished Mr. Scrymgeour carefully took off the double eye-glasses which he wore and gazed at me. Without his glasses his expression was even more inscrutable than it had been with them, and I think his object was not to see my face while he made some remarks which he thought might give me pain.

"My dear young lady," he began, with a phrase which he had no doubt found soothing to the patient in similar cases, "this is a very extraordinary story. Your father was no doubt a very singular man and not given to talking much—a quality that I admire—but to possess a ruby of 150 carats; to keep it, as I understand you to say your father did, in a safe in his bedroom for two years; and to carry it casually in his breast pocket on a walk from Piccadilly to Hatton Garden—God bless my soul," broke off the lawyer, "Why have you put off telling me about it for four days? Why did your father not tell me it was in his possession? Why did he not have it valued long ago? Why should it have been in his pocket at the moment when—"

I saw the lawyer was about to suggest something unpleasant and I interrupted him.

"My father, sir," I said—"and I ought to know him better than anyone else—was a very simple-minded man. It was only recently that he lost his money. He may have had the best of reasons for keeping the jewel as he did."

But the lawyer was not to be denied. "The stone would be worth thousands," he went on, "and if I or any sane man were in possession of such a treasure—"

I interrupted him again. "Sir," I said, perhaps a little sharply, "there are differences even in sane men, and I prefer my father's variety of sanity to any other."

Mr. Scrymgeour slowly put on his glasses and looked at me long and not

his manner that he still only half-believed in the existence of the ruby, and had very little hope of its recovery. His advice, summed up briefly, was as follows:—In the first place I was to avoid the police, and on this point his directions tallied with those of my father.

Mr. Scrymgeour pointed out that in the case of a jewel of the value of the one lost there were two courses open to the thief. The first and safer of the two was to cut the gem into smaller stones and then dispose of them, in which case the value of the ruby would be immensely lessened. It was, however, likely to be pursued in case the police made a hue and cry, and it was for this reason that he advised me not to apply to them.

The second course open to the thief

was obviously to try and dispose of the ruby as it stood. But in taking it he would be confronted with almost insuperable difficulties, on account of the inquiries which would inevitably be made by any but the most inexperienced collector as to its origin; and to attempt to sell it in this way, unless he had enough money to take it to the East and dispose of it to some not too scrupulous dealer there, would be a matter of trouble and risk. Besides these two a possible third course remained, namely to sell it



Mr. Scrymgeour was kind enough to call and talk over my affairs.

unkindly. "I beg your pardon," he said, "and on second thoughts your preference is mine. And then he gave me his advice, though I could see from

for perhaps a thousandth part of its value to a receiver of stolen jewels in Hamburg or Amsterdam, or some other continental city.



Half an hour later found us outside the diamond merchant's office.

Mr. Scrymgeour made it very plain to me that if the ruby had fallen into the hands of a professional thief my chances of ever seeing it again were too remote to be worth discussing, and in conclusion he advised me as follows:

"I happen," he said, "to have some acquaintance with a merchant in Hatton Garden who is perhaps the best known dealer in curious stones in the London trade, and I have been told that very little goes on in the jewel market that he does not know. I should advise you to go to him—I will give you a letter of introduction—and tell him of this extraordinary loss. If the stone is offered to any dealer, he is likely to hear of it, and will no doubt be willing to do you any service in his power. He is an eccentric man, but, I think I may say, kind. One of his peculiarities is

that he absents himself for weeks together from his office, but I happen to know that he is in London just at present, so that I should decidedly go to him to-day," and the lawyer sat down to write the letter of introduction.

When he had finished it, he proposed that we should drive forthwith to Hatton Garden, and half an hour later found us outside the diamond merchant's office. There Mr. Scrymgeour left me, after pointing out the name, "Mr. Emanuel," on the door of an office on the ground floor.

"You are not nervous," he said, looking at me with an expression which, if the lawyer had not been the man he was, I might have been tempted to think savoured of admiration, "and it will be better for you to see Mr. Emanuel alone. He is, as I have told

you, an eccentric man, and the presence of a lawyer might cause him to take less interest in your story than he otherwise would, by robbing the situation of any little romance it may possess. Yes! I should decidedly go in alone," and with a word or two of encouragement which was the more kind because I am convinced that Mr. Scrymgeour thought that he was helping me on a fool's errand, and with an appointment for the morrow to talk over my future prospects, the lawyer left me.

My life with my father, who had always treated me more like a son than a daughter, had, as I suppose, given me a confidence beyond my sex and years, and no doubt Mr. Scrymgeour recognized a quality which others have told me since that I possess, and which stood me in good stead in my unprotected position. I entered the office boldly and knocked at the door labelled

with the name of "Emanuel." It was presently opened by a clerk, and I found myself in a dingy room walled off from an inner apartment by a partition of wood and glass. My letter was taken inside, and I sat down to wait and wonder what sort of a man Mr. Emanuel would prove to be. His name proclaimed him to be a Jew, and I expected to be ushered shortly into the presence of a Hebraic German of the usual type. But I was mistaken, for in a few moments the door between the rooms opened, and a middle-sized man came out wearing a pair of smoked spectacles. There was nothing of the Jew about his face, which was rather florid and adorned with reddish whiskers, now turning grey, of the style known as mutton chop. His nose had no downward bend, and his mouth lacked the red fulness generally associated with the Semitic type. Alto-



"Ah!" said Mr. Emanuel, and I thought he looked at me compassionately.

gether it was a face one would expect to belong to an English merchant who was also a gentleman, and I noticed that the mouth and chin were strong. Mr. Emanuel was dressed in somewhat shabby clothes, and his hands were clean and not adorned with any specimens of what might be called his stock-in-trade. His age was probably between forty and fifty.

He greeted me coldly but with courtesy, and made me precede him into the inner room, where he motioned me to a chair facing the light, and regarded me with attention through his spectacles, at the same time saying that he understood from Mr. Scrymgeour's letter that there was a matter in which he might be of some assistance to me, and that he should be glad to give me any help he could, both from his wish to oblige the solicitor, and from his desire to be of service to a lady (the latter with a formal bow).

Thus encouraged, I told my story, and Mr. Emanuel listened to me in silence to the end, though I fancied I saw him give a slight start when I mentioned the ruby.

When I had finished he sat silent for a minute or two. Then he said, suddenly, "Your father said that he obtained the stone from an Indian Prince?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Did he tell you any story connected with it?"

"No," I said, surprised.

"And you have no means of identifying this ruby?"

"None," I said.

"No," he continued, apparently to himself, "there is nothing except the size to go by, but that ought to be enough."

"So I understood from Mr. Scrymgeour," I replied.

He started as if he were not thinking of me at all. "You would have no legal claim," he said, "unless it could be proved that the jewel, if found, was taken from your father's pocket."

I felt that Mr. Emanuel was about to pursue the same line of argument as

Mr. Scrymgeour. "The word of an honest man and the testimony of a girl—" I began, rather bitterly.

Mr. Emanuel interrupted me. "Quite so, quite so," he said, shortly, "I have not the slightest doubt of either. I was speaking of a *legal* claim."

"Mr. Scrymgeour gave me to understand as much," I replied.

"If I should be so fortunate as to recover it for you," continued the diamond merchant, "I should have no legal right to hand it over. And you value it?" he continued, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

"My father valued it at £20,000."

"Ah," said Mr. Emanuel, and I thought he looked at me compassionately, "that is a very large sum, and I would advise you not to count upon it. Single gems worth more than £400 or £500 are very uncommon."

He spoke so drily that I felt at the moment I hated him and the jewel that had brought me on this errand.

"Sir," I replied, I hope with dignity, "I see very plainly that even if this stone is found, as to my surprise you seem to think possible, my claim to its possession will be of the slightest. I therefore dismiss the hope of ever obtaining the worth of it, though the money would be of use to me, but I should like, if it be possible, to punish the villain who could rob a dying man, and at the same time prove that my father told the truth on his death-bed. I loved him, sir, and I have had to stand by while Mr. Scrymgeour cast doubts on the truth of his last words. If I can do this, anyone is welcome to the stone who can prove a title to it. But I see I must rely on my own efforts," I continued; "I am taking up your time, and I fear I have come upon an empty errand. Since the jewel cannot be mine, I shall have no means of paying the expenses of the search. I will trespass no longer on your kindness."

And I turned to go.

But Mr. Emanuel stopped me with a change of manner so complete that I could hardly believe that the same man was addressing me.

"I have never heard a speech I liked better," he said, "if you will allow me to say so. I am afraid I have been too brusque and have grown rusty in my manners. I must beg you to forgive it

believe the cabman will be getting impatient."

Too surprised for argument, I preceded him through the outer office and downstairs, and in a few moments we were driving rapidly west. For a time Mr. Emanuel was silent, but at length he spoke and I perceived a note of hesitation in his voice.

"There is one thing I had not thought of," he said; "we are driving to my house in Rutland Street. I am a bachelor, Miss Felton, and it is a whim of mine to have no housekeeper. Perhaps, therefore—"

"Mr. Emanuel," I interrupted, "I am alone in London and without a friend, with the exception of Mr. Scrymgeour and yourself, if I may include you. I have therefore no need to be troubled on points of conventionality, and, as to any fear that I should be treated by you with less than the courtesy you have

already shown me, I have none."

The diamond merchant commended what he was pleased to call my courage, and, shortly afterwards, we arrived at the door of his house, which was situated in one of the streets that border upon Portman Square. He paid the driver and let me into the house, and we entered a spacious and richly-furnished room on the ground floor. Mr. Emanuel procured a light, and then motioned me to a chair, sat down opposite to me, and regarded me gravely.

"Miss Felton," he said, "I have some skill in the art of judging character by faces, and I judge that



A dark hole was disclosed to view beneath, into which a shairman descended.

in a man who has almost forgotten his youth. It is possible that I can accomplish what you wish, and on the jewel itself I think that I can lay my hand. Beyond that I can, for the moment, promise nothing. And now, Miss Felton, it is after business hours and my cab is at the door. If you will do me the honour to accompany me we will begin our search at once, and I think I can promise you that it will not be a long one."

I stared at him in amazement. "Begin the search at once?" I stammered. "Where will you look?"

"Do me the favour," he returned, holding the door open for me. "I

you are a young lady who can keep a secret."

I smiled and remarked that my father had sometimes praised this characteristic in me.

"I am given to taking sudden resolutions," pursued Mr. Emanuel, "and I took one half an hour ago concerning which I have since had some moments of repentance."

"If you doubt me," I interjected, somewhat hastily—

"Not at all," he replied. "I said I had had some moments of repentance, but they have passed and will trouble me no further. I am going to show you a secret, and I shall not ask you for your promise not to reveal it, because I feel that what I have said is enough."

"Your confidence will not be misplaced," I answered.

"If you will follow me, then," he continued, "I will show you something that will no doubt surprise you."

A tall and heavy cabinet stood in one corner of the room, and the diamond merchant went up to it and appeared merely to touch it. As he did so, to my astonishment, part of the thing moved suddenly outwards, as if swinging on a hinge, and a dark hole was disclosed to view beneath, into which a staircase descended.

"A whim of mine," said Mr. Emanuel; "there is no danger." And taking a light in his hand, he went down, motioning me to follow. At the bottom of the stairs, which extended to some depth, I found myself in a fairly spacious passage, which ran straight into the darkness that was dimly illumined by the lantern of the diamond merchant. Along this passage we walked, our footsteps sounding loud and hollow in the silence of the tunnel. Presently the tunnel began to slope upwards and we came to a second flight of stairs. Mounting these, my conductor came to a stop in front of some dark obstacle, which, however, suddenly gave way in front of us, and we stepped out into a room of much larger proportions than the one we had left in Rutland Street. It was a vast

room, and, when Mr. Emanuel turned on an electric light that hung from the middle of the ceiling, I saw that it was lined from floor to roof with books. The corner from which we had emerged was occupied by a cabinet similar to the one which had afforded us egress from the other room, and another corner was occupied by an immense safe, while at one end of the room was a gallery in which an organ stood. I glanced towards the windows to see if I could discover where I was, but the panes were shrouded by heavy curtains.

Mr. Emanuel turned to me kindly, "You are no doubt somewhat startled," he said. "This is not the usual thing one expects to happen to a young lady. But I assure you that you have no cause for alarm, and I congratulate you on the nerve you have already shown. However, I did not bring you here to pay you compliments, but to show you something that may be of interest to you."

With this, he advanced to the safe above mentioned, opened it with various keys he had with him, and, while I stood lost in wonder at his extraordinary proceedings, took something out and came back to me. I was standing at a table in the middle of the room which was covered by a black cloth, and the rays of the light depending from the ceiling shone directly down upon it.

It was something white that Mr. Emanuel held in his hand, and, as he laid it on the table, I saw that it was a piece of velvet which he unfolded suddenly with a dexterous movement. For a moment I was dazzled, and then my vision cleared, and in the middle of the velvet I saw a huge red stone with a heart of fire that seemed to be alive under the rays of the lamp.

I gazed feebly at the diamond merchant, but, in my astonishment, I could find no word to say.

"It came into my possession yesterday," said Mr. Emanuel, enjoying my surprise, "and I more than suspect that it is your father's jewel, though I have no proof of it, and I may be

wrong. The person who brought it to me gave quite an incredible account of how it came into his possession, and as, by an extraordinary coincidence, I happened to know the owner of a stone which, as far as I can judge, is the exact *facsimile* of this, I pretended to believe the story and was just about to telegraph to the owner of the jewel to ask if he had lost it when you came in with your story. That caused me to put off my telegram and to bring you here, for anyone who was not a lawyer could see that your story was a true one, and I had a special reason for believing it which I will tell you at some other time.

"And now, young lady," concluded the diamond merchant, suddenly changing to his dry manner, "nothing remains for me but to put this jewel back into its place and to promise you that, though I cannot deliver it to you now, for I do not know that it is yours, I will ensure that you shall be present to-morrow at the interview that I shall

have with the ostensible owner. We may prove something; we may be disappointed; but, in any case, I earnestly beg you not to hope too much."

With these words the diamond merchant put back the ruby, closed the safe, and asked me to follow him back by the same way that we had come. When we were again in the room at Rutland Street he gave me some wine and a biscuit, settled the appointment for three o'clock on the next day, and then, coming with me into the street, he hailed a cab and put me into it.

"One word," he said, as the driver was settling in his seat preparatory to starting, "do not tell Scrymgeour more than is necessary, and, above all, do not expect too much. Till to-morrow, then!" and with these words he gave the signal to the driver, and I was on my way home, too astonished at the events of the evening even to speculate on what was to come at to-morrow's interview.

To be continued.



"An hoan soo hame wi' ladies o' treasure
The minnies winged their way wi' pleasure."

TAM O' BHANTER.



BY PAT BROOKLYN.*

This extraordinary series of photos was taken from living scenes the actual events themselves and therefore a certain amount of blurring was unavoidable. They are the work and copyright of "The British Kinetoscope & Biograph Co., Ltd."

THE fastest in the world! There is and always has been an enormous amount of interest taken by the general public throughout the world in any event pertaining to the making of new or the breaking of old records, whether they be records of speed in man or machine, or whether they be merely records of endurance on the part of the former. It is quite sufficient for the announcement to be made that a record holder is to compete at any athletic meeting, or that "an attempt will be made to establish a new record," for the gathering of spectators to be an enormous one.

In this article it is intended to deal, not only with the fastest athletic records of the world, but also with those made by horses, steamers, locomotives, &c.; in fact it is the writer's intention to endeavour to mention and,

where possible, to give illustrations of all persons or things justly entitled to be included in the list of "The Fastest in the World." The title piece to this article is the unique photo of the motor fire-engine "Jumbo," said to be the most powerful as well as the fastest fire-engine in the world. "Jumbo," which is an American invention, is stationed at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and in the photo reproduced is shown actually on the way to a fire. This mammoth engine is capable of running at the enormous rate of twenty-four miles an hour, which certainly is more than could possibly be accomplished by any engine of anything like the same size and weight drawn by horses. Since being placed on duty "Jumbo" has proved such a success that there is little doubt that we shall before long see motor fire-engines given a trial in London and the principal provincial towns, but of

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course they would have to be run at considerably less than their full speed through the streets or accidents would be the rule and not the exception.

Another speedy motor was that on which, on June 14th, 1900, M. Charon, the celebrated French automobilist, won the Paris to Lyons race, covering the distance of 353½ miles in 9 hours 9 minutes, a speed of almost 40 miles an hour. It is an open question as to whom belongs the greatest credit

maiden race across the Atlantic, beat all previous records, traversing the 3,073 miles of water between Plymouth and New York in 5 days 16 hours and 15 minutes, or an average of 22½ knots an hour. On her return trip she also established a record, as she covered the distance from New York to Plymouth in 5 days 11 hours and 45 minutes, but since then she has broken her own record by performing the journey in 5 days 7 hours and 38



The fastest passenger steamer in the world. The Hamburg-American Coy.'s "Deutschland," which, in July, 1906, succeeded in making the passage from New York to Plymouth in 5 days, 7 hours, 26 minutes, thus establishing a fresh record.

in establishing such a record for enormous speed as this—the man who invented and built such a machine capable of such a performance, or the one who had the requisite nerve and courage to drive it at such a speed for such a length of time over public highroads.

The fastest passenger steamboat in the world is the *Deutschland*, the new giant German steamship of the Hamburg-American Line, which, in her

minutes. This record-breaking steamer is the second largest vessel afloat, and has a length over all of 686 feet, whilst her engines are of 35,000 horse-power, and her coal bunkers have a capacity of 4,850 tons to store the 500 odd tons of coal which she consumes per day in her 112 furnaces. There is sleeping accommodation for 1,320 passengers, of which 264 are first-class cabins, with 736 berths, whilst there are 300 second class and 282 steerage



The Empire State Express. The Fastest Train in the World.



Kenneth winning the 100 yards hurdle race at the Amateur Athletic Association Meeting, 1900, in the record time of 16 4-5 seconds.

berths; also ample accommodation for her crew, which numbers over 600 hands.

Just as the *Deutschland* is the fastest, so she is the most expensive, liner afloat, costing as she did considerably over a million pounds sterling to build, but it must be borne in mind that steamers such as the *Deutschland* earn from £15,000 to £20,000 a month, according to the time of year, and so warrant this enormous outlay of capital.

The fastest train in the world is the Empire State Express, the New York

nearly eight and a half hours straight off on end.

I am quite prepared for some of my readers to point out that there are various trains in this country which maintain an average speed far in excess of this, but not one of them keeps it up for anything approaching the same distance as the Empire State Express. The only trains we have which at all compare with it are the Edinburgh expresses of the Great Northern and the London and North-Western Railways,



"Percepsimon," the Fastest Horse in the World. Owner—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

Central and Hudson River" Railways flyer, which runs from New York to Buffalo. The total distance covered is 440 miles, and the schedule time for the run is 8 hours 40 minutes, which includes two stops amounting together to 14 minutes, so that the 440 miles is in reality run in 8 hours and 26 minutes, or an average of 52.17 miles per hour. This is a truly wonderful performance, when one comes to consider that the distance covered as a mile is run in 67 1-5 seconds for

both of which leave their respective London termini at 10 a.m. and are due in Edinburgh at the same time, *i.e.*, 6.30 p.m. By the Great Northern route the distance is 395 miles, and by the London and North-Western 400 miles, which respectively shows averages of 49.64 miles and 50.55 miles per hour, after excluding the 35 minutes occupied by the four stops made by each train during the journey.

The man who has the distinction of being the fastest hurdle racer in the



"The Viper," Torpedo Boat Destroyer. The Fastest Vessel afloat, steaming at the rate of 31 miles an hour.



M. F. Duffy, of Georgetown, U.S.A., winning the 100 yards race at the Amateur Athletic Association's meeting at Stamford Bridge, July 7th, 1900.

world is Kranuzlein, of America, who succeeded in winning the 120 yards hurdle race in 15 2-5th secs. on July 7th, 1900, at Stamford Bridge, thus beating the record of 15 4-5th seconds previously held by G. B. Shaw since 1895. The photo reproduced shows Kranuzlein within a few yards of the tape.

It is in a way only fitting that the most popular sportsman in the Kingdom, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales should own one of the fastest—

either in this or any other country. The photo from which our illustration is taken (Fig. 4) is one of the finest that has ever been taken of him and will give a good idea of this magnificent creature away from the racecourse. It may be interesting to my readers to know that the film from which this photo was taken was made by the Biograph Company at Sandringham by command of His Royal Highness himself.

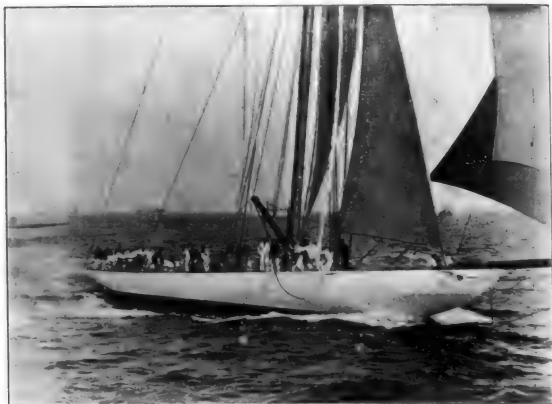
Every British naval man, be [he



"Star Pointer,"—the American Trotter, who won the World's Pacing Record for this Mile in 1 minute, 59 1-4 seconds.

if not actually *the* fastest—racehorses in the world. "Persimmon," if he is not the fastest racehorse, at any rate has established a record for running the Derby course in the shortest time on record by covering the distance of 1 mile 4 furlongs 29 yards in 2 minutes and 42 seconds. This he did when he won the Derby and the Blue Riband of the Turf for his royal owner in 1895, and the time he then made has never yet been beaten, nor has the same distance ever been covered in quicker time

officer or able seaman, is justly proud that his navy possesses in the *Viper* what is without doubt the fastest vessel that has ever been built. At the trials which were held last summer the *Viper* reached and maintained the extraordinary speed of 43 miles an hour. The greatest interest was aroused in all parts of the world, more especially amongst the naval authorities of some of the foreign powers, during the official speed trials which took place in the North Sea. Naturally the greatest



"Columbia," the "America" Cup defender in the races of 1899. The Fastest Yacht in the World.



"Flying Fox" winning the Derby of 1859.

secrecy was observed at the time regarding the actual speed attained, but it was afterwards officially stated that it *exceeded* 43 miles an hour at a stretch, thus beating the record previously held by the *Turbinia* of 40 miles an hour. It has never, however, been definitely stated exactly how much the 43 miles an hour *was* exceeded, and I do not suppose it will be until the next great war that the true capabilities of this marvellous vessel will be brought to light.

reducing the Atlantic passage to New York to a mere trip of three days' duration.

The fastest amateur 100 yards was run by A. F. Duffy, Georgetown, U.S.A., at the Amateur Athletic Association's Meeting on July 7th, 1900. It is interesting to note that the competitors in the final heat of this race comprised an Australian, three Americans, and an Anglo-Indian.

America can boast of possessing the two fastest trotting horses in the world,



A. E. Tysoe winning the half-mile championship at the Amateur Athletic Association's Meeting at Stamford Bridge, July 7th, 1900, in 1 minute, 57 3-8 seconds.

The *Viper* was built by the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company at Wallsend-on-Tyne, and was designed by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, who is a younger brother of the Earl of Rosse. She is fitted with turbine engines of 12,000 horse-power, which drive her through the water at a speed equalling that of an express train. Her inventor claims that in a few years he will be in a position to build vessels capable of doing their 50 or 60 miles an hour and

namely, "Alix," who, in 1894, trotted a mile in 2 minutes 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and "Star Pointer," who did the fastest pacing mile in 1 minute 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds in 1897. What is, however, undoubtedly a much more marvellous record than either of the above was that made by "Lady Combermere" on June 10th, 1895, at the Manchester Racecourse, when she trotted twelve miles in 35 minutes 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, thirteen miles in 38 minutes 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, fourteen miles



The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Oxford leading.

in 41 minutes 50½ seconds, fifteen miles in 44 minutes 45 seconds, sixteen miles in 47 minutes 51 seconds, seventeen miles in 50 minutes 50½ seconds, eighteen miles in 53 minutes 49½ seconds, nineteen miles in 56 minutes 55 seconds, and twenty miles in 59 minutes 59½ seconds, which is just under three minutes a mile for twenty miles right off, establishing records for all distances from eleven to twenty miles, and although many attempts have been made to lower them they still stand unapproached. The photo reproduced is not of "Star Pointer's" record being made, but it gives a very good idea of the action and appearance of a fast trotter in harness.

Undoubtedly the fastest yacht afloat is the *Columbia*, built by the New York Yacht Club Syndicate to defend the America Cup Races in 1899. She was designed and built by A. G. Herreshoff, of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, and is owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin,

the heads of the club syndicate. The *Columbia* was sailed by Capt. Charles Barr, formerly of Gourock—a naturalized American—and all those who understand seamanship and were present at the races say that they never saw a vessel better handled. It is of interest to note that the photo reproduced is one of the many thousands taken by the Biograph Company in their official capacity, for they were engaged to follow the races and to start the camera whenever the yachts got into such close proximity as to render any chance of uncertainty or dispute possible.

Although perhaps not coming within the title of this article, still a photo and a few particulars concerning "Flying Fox," the most remarkable racehorse in the world, may not be out of place, and the photo of him winning the Derby is too good to be omitted. The fact that M. Edmond Blanc paid the Duke of Westminster the enormous sum of £38,350 for him is of itself a record, but the fact that in the racing

season of 1899 he won the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes, the Princess of Wales Stakes, the St. Leger, and the Two Thousand Guineas, and winning in the season no less than £37,415 for his owner is quite unprecedented in the history of the Turf.

The fastest amateur half-mile was run by A. E. Tysoe in 1 minute 57 2-5 seconds on July 7th, 1900, at Stamford Bridge.

Oxford claims the distinction of having rowed the fastest University Boat Race on record in 1893, when they covered the distance—Putney to Mortlake—in 18 minutes 47 seconds. By this event they are also entitled to be spoken of as the fastest eight-oared crew in the world, as no record has yet been made in which anything like the distance was covered in the time occupied by the Dark Blue crew in the race in question.

On April 23rd, 1899, at the Princes Track, Auteuil, Paris, T. Bov covered fifty kilometres, slightly over 31 miles,

in 51 minutes 24 seconds, on a safety bicycle, establishing a record never approached, and winning for himself the distinction of being the fastest cyclist in the world.

There is no known mode of locomotion which outrivals the ice yacht in speed. It travels over a mile a minute with ease, outstripping the fastest railway train in anything like a moderate breeze. In fact an ice yacht travels faster than the wind, because it acquires momentum, and in the lulls in the wind this momentum carries it along.

All the photographs illustrating this article are from copies kindly lent by the British Biograph and Mutoscope Company, Limited, with the exception of the one of the *Deutschland*, which is by Stuart, and which is reproduced by the courtesy and kind permission of Thomas Clifford, Esq., the London representative of the Hamburg-American Company.





IT WOULD be impossible in a limited space to attempt to do justice to Mr. Alderman Joshua Purdy, and to tell of all the great things which he did—of the bacon he sold, and the alms-houses he built, and the envy he inspired. The world—that is to say, the inhabitants of Little Bampton, for this is a provincial story—imagined that it knew all that there was to be known about him from his birth; since in the successive capacities of errand boy, provision dealer, Town Councillor, and Mayor, he had been constantly before the public in one way or another. He himself was often heard to remark that he was “Bampton to the backbone,” and as in his case a considerable depth of tissue intervened between that structure and the outer world, this assertion, if true, meant a good deal. The world, however, deceived itself, as it not infrequently does, as to the extent of its knowledge of Mr. Purdy, for there were one or two incidents in his life of which it had no conception. For instance, it never knew of the coming of the man in the brown overcoat and the strange events which ensued therefrom.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on a warm August night that Mr. Purdy descended the steps of the Town Hall, and, having sent on his brougham,

proceeded on foot towards his princely residence on the outskirts of the town. He was conscious of having surpassed himself that evening. There had been a big municipal dinner over which he had presided with even more than his usual grace and dignity, and afterwards, when called upon to give his views upon the proposed Free Library, he had voiced the claims of the working men of Bampton in a speech which his supporters assured him was the best he had ever made. As he walked home he found himself mentally fighting his battles over again, rolling the well-remembered phrases on his tongue, and recalling with gratified pride the thunder of applause which greeted him as he resumed his seat. An enthusiastic Radical, he never let an opportunity slip of exercising his sonorous voice on behalf of what he termed “the lower classes,” and by the time he had turned into his drive gates he had arrived at the comfortable conviction that he was an orator of the first water, and that Little Bampton was vastly to be congratulated upon having secured him as a local magnate. Arrived at the top of the massive stone steps which led up to his house, he paused, and was feeling in his pocket for his latchkey, when to his surprise the front door was opened from within,

and he came face to ace with his butler, who had evidently been listening for him.

"Hulloa, Williams!" he exclaimed, genially, "not in bed yet! You need not have waited up for me."

"Thank you, sir," replied the servant, "but there's a man waiting in the study to see you. He came two hours ago, and though I told him you would be late, and advised him to come again in the morning, he said his business was important, and that he would sit down till you came in. I hope I've done right, sir, but there was no getting rid of him."

"Never mind, Williams"—nothing could disturb the magnate's good humour to-night—"You need not sit up. I'll just see what the fellow wants and let him out myself."

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

"Good night." And, laying aside his hat, he crossed the hall and entered the study. Seated by the fire was a tall man in a brown overcoat, a very

tall man, with jet black eyes and hair, and a thin, cadaverous face. He rose as the door opened and bowed courteously.

"Mr. Purdy, I believe," he said in a deep, cavernous voice.

"Quite so, sir."

"Ex-Mayor of Little Bampton?"

"Ex-Mayor on five separate occasions," amended Mr. Purdy. "Pray sit down."

"Thank you. I must apologize for troubling you at such an unconventional hour, but my business is of a nature that will allow of no delay. I have great news for you, Mr. Purdy, and have travelled from London in order to acquaint you with it at the earliest possible moment."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Purdy. "May I inquire whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"That is my name," replied the stranger, handing him a card on which was inscribed "Mr. Cornelius Walker" in neat copperplate, "and I have great



We had voiced the claims of the working men of Bampton in a speech which was the best he had ever made.

satisfaction in informing you that you have been unanimously elected a member of our Brotherhood."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," observed the elect, "but what may be the privileges to which I have attained?"

"We style ourselves 'The Society for the Purification of the People's Garden,' and our object is one which I am sure a man of your well-known enlightenment will cordially approve."

"Ah!" said Mr. Purdy, "I am a busy man, and I fear my municipal duties leave me little time for the cultivation of the—er—fine arts."

The other raised his hand in remonstrance, but Mr. Purdy waved it down.

"Of course, if your Society wishes to inaugurate a branch in this town for the scientific improvement of our allotments or the floral education of the masses, I shall be pleased to allow my name to appear on the Committee."

"You misunderstand me, Brother Purdy. We do not wish to advertise ourselves at all. On the contrary, this is a secret—a very secret—Society."

"Ah! Quite so. The—er—establishment of horticulture upon a Masonic basis—very proper; I begin to apprehend you." Like many another orator Mr. Purdy was frequently deceived by his own eloquence.

"Not at all. The title of the Society is, if I may say so, allegorical. By the 'Garden' we mean the entire territory of the British Isles in all their extent, the glorious birthright and inheritance of the People, the true People, whose claims you yourself have so nobly upheld."

"My voice has ever been uplifted in the cause of the British democracy in general and the working men of Little Bampton in particular," assented Mr. Purdy, with a glibness which suggested that this sentence had done duty before.

"Precisely. And it is therefore to you and to men such as you to whom we turn for help in our splendid crusade. The evils from which we are endeavouring to purify our heritage are the fungi of vested interests and capital, and the noxious weeds of

royalty and aristocracy, which spring up and strangle the sacred blossoms of liberty. It is the custom of the Society to uproot one weed annually."

"Meaning——?" gasped Mr. Purdy.

The tall man smiled deprecatingly. "The expression sufficiently explains itself, I think. It is a crude method of furthering our cause, certainly, but it is the best we have to hand at present. Radical evils require radical measures. The 'Weed' is nominated by the Committee, and the instrument for its destruction is selected in the usual manner by lot at a general meeting of the members of the Brotherhood. I trust I make myself clear?"

Mr. Purdy lay back in his armchair breathing heavily. His usually florid face wore a mottled appearance, and though he opened his lips as if to speak, no sound came.

"I fear my news has disquieted you, Brother Purdy," observed the delegate, pleasantly. "Never mind! I will continue my brief sketch of our routine, and thus give you time to recover yourself. The fortunate candidate who draws the winning number is then handed by the President a sealed packet containing the name and address of the 'Weed' which he is to open at the end of three days. From this period he becomes known as 'The Instrument,' and is, I need hardly tell you, an object of envy and distinction in the eyes of his Brothers. Some time during the course of the following six months he must convince the Committee that he has satisfactorily completed his task, in the execution of which he receives every facility and assistance. Rule 25 enacts that, in the event of the Instrument having left the country, a copy of the Coroner's certificate transmitted to the secretary will be accepted as sufficient evidence. Lastly, it is a strict rule that no member shall hold the important office of 'Instrument' on more than one occasion."

By this time Mr. Purdy had recovered somewhat of his normal self-possession. The first shock of the suggestion was wearing off, and the matter-of-fact and business-like tones of his visitor seemed

somehow to detract from the pre- a member of your inhuman, your
 post-erous nature of his words. He monstrous Society?"



It is not oversteating the case to assert that his teeth chattered in his head.

therefore sat up in his chair and faced the delegate boldly.

"And am I to understand, sir, that you are inviting me—me—to become

"On the contrary, Brother Purdy, I have already informed you that you were duly and properly elected at a general meeting held to-day."

"But I can't and won't have been elected!" cried Mr. Purdy, illogically. "Do you mean to tell me that you can force an honest man to join a band of assassins against his will? No!" and he thumped the table with his fist. "This is England, sir!—this is Little Bampton!"

Something in the magic of the beloved name pronounced in his own clarion tones stirred him to still further deeds of prowess, and, leaping to his feet, crimson with rage, he exclaimed, sturdily,

"And now, sir, I am about to rouse the house and denounce you to the world as a scoundrel and a murderer!"

The stranger shot out a long, sinewy arm, and, planting the flat of his hand on the centre of Mr. Purdy's chest, thrust him firmly back into his former position. Then he unsheathed a thin, deadly-looking knife, which had hitherto been concealed beneath his coat, and, laying it unostentatiously on the table by his side, drew up his chair close to his new brother and sat down again.

"My dear Brother Purdy," he remonstrated, gently, "I must beg you to calm yourself. If you persist in this suicidal course I can assure you that you will put yourself in a position which will render any further discussion impossible."

Now, impious as it may seem to mention it, physical courage was not one of Mr. Purdy's leading characteristics. Whether it was that, living all his life in the well-ordered and peaceful town of Little Bampton, any heroic tendency which he may have originally inherited had atrophied from disuse, the fact remains that he took exceeding and proper pains to preserve his person from all external violence. The sight, therefore, of that unpleasant-looking knife coupled with an unmistakable gleam in the tall man's eye, had more effect in curbing his intrepid spirit than the most weighty appeal to his intellect. It is not overstating the case to assert that his teeth chattered in his head, and that the moisture visible on his brow was in excess of that demanded by the warmth of the night. Never-

theless his pride would not allow him to climb down all at once.

"Of course," he said, unsteadily, "if you intend to murder me in cold blood, I shall desist for the present from any attempt to denounce you. At the same time I warn you that I repudiate absolutely any connection with your vile Society, and shall take the earliest possible opportunity of informing the proper authorities of its existence."

"I think," replied the stranger, agreeably, "that you will see good cause for altering your views when I have entered more fully into our rules. In a Society such as ours, Brother Purdy, half measures would be impossible. It is, therefore, very properly enacted that any member who is not an Instrument, past or potential, becomes *ipso facto* a Weed: a Weed," he continued, with an expressive glance in the direction of the table, "so prejudicial to the Garden, that it must be uprooted without delay."

Mr. Purdy mopped his forehead. "But, my dear Mr. Walker," he objected, "—very well, then, Brother Walker—there is no justice or common-sense about this. I have never asked or desired to become a member of your Society."

"Nevertheless your election is perfectly valid and binding. For some reason our voluntary candidates have lately been fewer than we could wish, and the Committee therefore decided to take the step of enrolling a few leading men of well-known socialistic views, such as yourself, as honorary members. This honorary membership, however, carries with it the fullest privileges of the Society."

"Then for heaven's sake let me resign!" entreated Mr. Purdy. "Carry back my respects to your committee, and tell them I have tendered my resignation."

The tall man shook his head.

"Impossible, for obvious reasons," he said.

"Then what on earth am I to do? You have elected me, you tell me, but come what may, I cannot and will not bring myself to shed human blood."

"That, of course, is just entirely as you wish; you are at least fully aware of the alternative. When you come to think it over I feel sure you will realize that it is merely the practical exposition of your own enlightened views pushed to a logical conclusion. And now, Brother Purdy, I think I may say I have discharged my mission, and will bid you good-night; I fear I have kept you up over-long already. Do not let this little matter worry you unduly. When the proper time comes for you to achieve the glorious task of uprooting one of our enemies with your own hand, the secretary will forward you full particulars." And having replaced his knife in its sheath, the delegate rose and held out his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker!" groaned the unhappy Brother, "is there no way in which I can escape the clutches of this horrible Society? I will never breathe a word of your visit to any living soul; I will even allow my name to remain on the books if only I may be exempted from the curse of taking the life of a fellow creature. Can you think of no means of managing this for me?"

Mr. Walker paused and stroked his chin reflectively. "There is one way, certainly," he said, slowly, "by which you can claim exemption from the office of Instrument; but it is one which I should doubt if you would care to adopt."

"Tell me, quickly," pleaded Mr. Purdy.

"The subscription to the Society for country members is ten guineas per annum. Now the Committee normally consists of those of us who have already performed the Instrumental function; but there is a clause in the rules which allows to any private member on payment of a donation of £100 or upwards to the general fund, over and above his



"I entreat you not to force me into a second exhibition of my emblem of office."

annual subscription, the option of taking a seat on the Committee and thus ranking as a past Instrument. This is usually considered a cowardly course, but at the same time——"

"I'll do it!" cried Mr. Purdy. "I'll write you a cheque at once."

He leapt to his feet, and with trembling hands unlocked the drawer



"On no account to be disturbed until 1 p.m."

of his writing table and produced a cheque book. Then sitting down in the revolving chair he took up a pen.

"To whom had I better make it payable?" he asked.

"I think, perhaps, to me," replied Mr. Walker, modestly, after a moment's hesitation.

Mr. Purdy wheeled round suddenly and faced him. The simple though somewhat expensive solution to his difficulties which had been so unexpectedly provided for him had for the moment merged all his faculties in one overwhelming sense of relief. Now, however, some measure of common-sense was returning to him, and he

confronted his visitor with a new light of understanding in his eye. The other appeared to read his thoughts instantaneously.

"My dear Brother Purdy," he said, reproachfully, "you are surely not going to be so unwise as to doubt my honesty! A few minutes ago I was reluctantly compelled to produce a substantial guarantee of my good faith"—and he slid his right hand beneath his coat and crossed the room to Mr. Purdy's side—"I entreat you, Brother, not to force me into a second exhibition of my—emblem of office."

The Brother wheeled back again, "A hundred pounds, I think you said?" he murmured.

"A hundred and fifty would be safer. The Committee——"

"Very well," groaned Mr. Purdy.

"And ten guineas for your first year's subscription."

Mr. Purdy paused, and made as though he were about to speak. Apparently, however, he thought better of it, and after a brief mental calculation, filled in the cheque and handed it over his shoulder to the delegate.

"Many thanks," said that gentleman, glancing at it to make sure that it was correct. "Before you rise, there is just one other little formality to be complied with. Would you be kind

enough to write the following very distinctly at my dictation?"

He took a step forward and stood with his coat touching Mr. Purdy's elbow. The latter slowly drew forward a sheet of note paper and waited.

"Just these few words," apologized Mr. Walker. "'On no account to be disturbed until 1 p.m.—J. PURDY.' By the way, you are a bachelor, I believe? Quite so, then the sight of this announcement pinned on the outside of the study door to-morrow morning will give rise to no groundless alarm. Thank you! And now, Brother, in which of these chairs would you prefer to spend the next twelve hours?"

But Mr. Purdy made no reply. A dull, hopeless look had come into his face, and he listened as though he only half comprehended, while the other, indicating a solid-looking, upright chair, continued pleasantly,

"Now, what do you say to this? A fine, sound one, I think. Will you kindly—Ah, thank you! The arms close to the sides, and the body well pressed against the back—that is admirable!"

Keeping a watchful eye upon his victim, he next produced from the

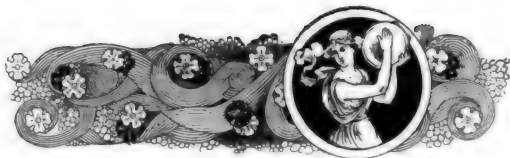
capacious pocket of his overcoat a coil of strong, thin rope and bound him firmly to the chair. Finally, he gagged his mouth securely with their two handkerchiefs, and stepped back to contemplate his handiwork.

"That will do capitally, Brother Purdy!" he said, with pardonable pride, "you must forgive me if I lock you in for a few hours. I need hardly say that I shall cash your kind cheque as soon as the Bank opens in the morning, and then I will have the key enclosed in a note for your butler to be delivered as soon after my departure from Little Bampton as would be discreet. And now, Brother Purdy, this is really 'Good night.'—No! I see you are unable to shake hands; don't disturb yourself."

And then he was guilty of a breach of decorum for which no right-minded person who reads this story will ever forgive him—he leaned forward and patted Mr. Purdy gently on the head.

It is now some years since these events occurred. Mr. Purdy is still the pride and joy of Little Bampton, but, strange to say, the Brotherhood has never troubled him again.





A DISSERTATION ON DOGS.

BY GLENAVON.

THIS article is not intended for dog fanciers and others who are well up in canine lore, and to whom my information would probably be superfluous, nor for those who say they "like a dog in his proper place," a remark which almost invariably means that—according to the speaker—a dog should be chained up to a kennel week in, week out, exposed alike to the scorching rays of a July sun, or the biting north-easters of mid-winter, fed once a day on dry, uninteresting dog biscuit, or unwholesome kitchen scraps, his water supply fitful, his coat neglected, and his many

fine traits of character unappreciated—such a dog is a wretched prisoner, and not a happy pet; with his owner I have but little patience, and "against ignorance the gods fight in vain!"

But should these words interest one of the many who love animals, and would be glad to know more about them, then they will not have been written in vain.

There is a charming legend—of oriental origin—which is worth repeating here, as it may be new to some:—

"Adam, when turned out of the Garden of Eden, was deserted by all



Photo by Lambert & Lambert, Bath.

A Scotch Doghound: "Bras of Cabala."

the animals that afore-time had followed him. Presently he sat down upon a rock, hiding his face in his hands in deep abasement. Then he heard a rustling amongst the bushes, and, looking up, he met the liquid eyes of a dog brimming over with love and compassion for his fallen master. As the animal's soft



Photo by Lambert & Lambert, Bath.

An Old English Bob-tailed Sheepdog: "Lady Heartstone."

tongue licked Adam's face, he was comforted to find that there was still one creature that forsook him not in his distress. Ever after, through succeeding ages, the dog has been, of all animals, pre-eminently the friend of man."

Whether this story be true or not, certain it is that primitive man used the dog for hunting wild animals, for in the caves and river drifts where the skeleton of man has been discovered, beside it have also been found the bones of his dumb companion.

It is quite possible to make a house pet of any kind of dog, from a foxhound to a toy Yorkshire, but we all have our special favourites. Hailing as I do from the Land o' Cakes, I shall put the Scottish deerhound first, giving as an example of this type, Mrs. Davis' "Champion, Bran of Cabalva," as beautiful an animal as one could wish to see. An old rhyme thus gives the points of a deerhound:—

"With eye of sloe,
And ear not low,
With horse's breast,
And deep in chest,
And broad in loin,
And strong in groin,
And nape set far behind the head,
These were the dogs that Fingal bred."

"Bran of Cabalva" is the son of "Sir Gavin," and his height is 30 inches at shoulder. This is not very large for a deerhound, but "it must be remembered," says Gordon Stables, "that size is only a secondary consideration, A dog, for example, who stood 33 or 34 inches would be bulky, weak in chest, slack in loin, and quite useless amongst the Highland hills." A deerhound is a gentle, affectionate creature, stately in his movements, and so dignified in appearance that he is well fitted to lie before the wide hearth-place of a baronial hall, or to pace beside my lady on the velvet sward of an old garden. He is no fighter by disposition, but can hold his own when occasion demands.

It is a case of "we don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do," and he is companionable whether you are riding,

of canine friends. The accompanying photo, which I have special permission to reproduce, gives a very good idea of



Photo by Donald Maney, Bogner.

A Norwegian Elk-hound: "Dr. Nansen."

one of her pets. "Lady Heartsease" was born in June, 1893. She has won many first and special prizes, including Championship and Premiership. She is by "Champion Watch-boy" *ex* "Silky Belle," and may be considered a typical specimen of the breed. An old English sheepdog should be born with little or no tail. In shape he is, or or should be, big and square,

driving, or walking. If he has a fault, which I am loth to admit, it is an hereditary tendency to hunt cats, which he will pursue and dispatch with remarkable celerity, if his owner does not keep a sharp look out when an unsuspecting pussy comes in view.

It is said that deerhounds are gifted with second sight. Be this as it may, Major and Mrs. Davis often relate the fact that on three occasions, when they were living at Winsley, "Sir Gavin" became strangely excited, and no visible cause could be found to account for his uneasiness. This happened always in one particular room at the same spot.

The old English bob-tailed sheepdog has of late years returned to popular favour, and, deservedly so—he is an excellent worker of sheep, and also makes a delightful pet. Miss Acton, of Limpley Stoke, has some half-dozen of these big, shaggy-coated creatures, and I am proud to include them in my list

with high and heavy hind quarters, body sloping to the front. His coat is broken, harsh, and wavy. In proportion to the head, a sheepdog's eyes are rather small, but they are wonderfully intelligent-looking, and capable of expressing much devotion. A "wall" or "china" eye is considered a special beauty, particularly in a light-coloured animal. His colour may be any shade of blue, blue merle, or grizzle, with white on face and legs for relief.

My next photo represents a rather uncommon type of dog; I mean uncommon as yet in this country. He is Mrs. Meyrick Price's celebrated "Dr. Nansen," a Norwegian elk-hound. This lady (who may be taken as an authority on the subject, seeing that "Dr. Nansen" has gained a prize every time out) says, "One of their chief characteristics is a large, stiffly-curled, double-twisted tail; a long, wide head, with a distinctly wolfish look in the

eyes, and straight, upstanding ears are also amongst the requisite points." Like all his race, "Dr. Nansen" is an inveterate hunter, and has been known to go off by himself for 24 hours at a stretch. These dogs are used by the natives of Norway and Sweden for hunting bear and elk, and they set great store by them, only allowing the pure bred ones loose when used for hunting.

Miss Hamilton's "Champion Konig of Rozelle" (now dead) was a perhaps perfect specimen of the Pomeranian breed. These dogs are pre-eminently ladies' pets, being too delicate for outdoor life (except in properly warmed kennels and stables). They are clean and very affectionate in disposition, also capital house-guards—always on the alert, and quick of hearing. Miss Hamilton's kennel affix is taken from her place in Scotland, but she now lives near Bath. This lady is well known in the "doggy" world as possessing some of the finest Poms now before the public. I believe she has her pets washed with Sunlight Soap. Certainly the white ones would be grand advertisements for any soap-boiling firm! Their coats look like driven snow when half a dozen of these impetuous little animals rush out to receive a visitor, giving short, excited barks and whines of welcome. They expect, and receive, a great deal of attention, and are so well groomed that the smartest of summer toilettes would not suffer from the onslaught of indiscriminating paws.

The points of a Pom are a little difficult to be understood by an outsider, but they may be briefly enumerated as, foxy head, the skull flat and rather wide

between the eyes, the tail should curl backwards and lie almost flat on the dog's back, like a plume, with the hair falling on each side from a central parting. The hair should be long and straight, rather stiff than silky, with a tendency to stand up all round. A Pom's frill is one of his chief charms, on the face and lower part of his legs his hair is short and smooth. This breed of dog had been much neglected for many years; indeed, for some unexplicable reason Poms were decidedly unpopular, and to Miss Hamilton the credit of having reinstated them in general favour is largely due.

The borzoi was introduced into England some ten years ago, and, having been brought forward by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, and other influential persons, a class is now provided for them at all the leading dog shows.

"Selwood Olga" is a beautiful creature belonging to Mrs. Hood-Wright,* of Frome, whose husband is



Photo by Graystone Bird, Bath.

A Pomeranian: "Champion, Konig of Rozelle."

Hon. Sec. to the Borzoi Club, of which the Duchess of Newcastle is president.

The borzoi is the Russian wolf-



Photo by E. Iandor, Eating

A Borzoi: Belwood Olga."

hound, and he has a superficial resemblance, in shape, to the deerhound. "A borzoi's head is very fine and lean, the skull narrow, and the nose extremely long and slender. The coat should be long, silky, and wavy, in some places somewhat curly. His nose is black, his eyes unusually dark. The coat should be white, with grey or yellowish grey spots. Some people object to tiger coloured spots, as in a bulldog. Colonel Tchebishoff disqualifies black and tan, also black and white, considering that these colours indicate a descent from English or oriental greyhounds."

As with deerhounds, the female borzoi is smaller than the male. These dogs are capital companions for ladies, and, being swift as well as hardy, can well follow a cyclist whose pace is not that of a "scorcher." "Vouska," another of Mrs. Hood-Wright's pets, jumps like a deer, and on one occasion jumped off the roof of a house in Frome while making a bee line for her

kennel! A borzoi is usually a sworn enemy to cats, though gentle and affectionate to humans. They are likely to become still more popular when more generally known.

Last, but by no means least, I am able to give the portrait of Mrs. Brigham's smooth-coated collie, "Champion Rockcliffe Veto," born in

February, 1897. He is winner of over 100 firsts and specials, 11 championships, and is at present holder of the Smooth Collie Club's Challenge Cup for the best smooth collie. His colour is bright blue, merle, and white, without any sable. Not having had the pleasure of seeing this canine celebrity myself, I cannot do better than quote his mistress' words about her prizewinner from a letter to a mutual friend: "I have not been able to make a pet of 'Rockcliffe Veto,' we cannot let him run loose, we should never have him at home, he is over a 6ft. wall in very quick time, therefore is kept in the kennels at Driffield. He is very affectionate, generally embracing me when I go down to see the dogs. He is a capital worker amongst sheep and cattle. I bought him from a butcher in the North. He had always been pretty wild."

My subject is by no means exhausted, but perhaps my reader's patience may be so. I will merely add in conclusion

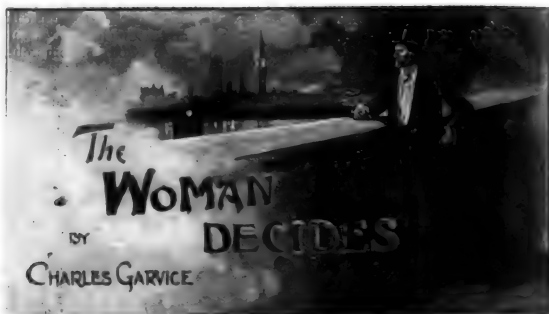
that no one should keep dogs unless he is prepared to treat them properly. Excellent books may be procured, which will instruct a dog-lover to keep his pets in good condition. Ignorance is rife on the management of dogs, and people who, like myself, consider these faithful animals rather as friends than pets, are constantly grieved to see how much suffering is inflicted on the most intelligent of creatures. People talk of common-sense; it seems to be a very rare possession! Do we not hear of dogs being fed day after day on the same kind of food. Would not common-sense suggest that, not only do they *like* variety, but actually *require* change of diet if they are to be healthy. Is it showing common-sense to give a dog no extra warmth of bed or covering in winter-time? If you keep a pet alternately—as suits your convenience—in a warm room and a damp stable, the wistful eyes, and the drooping body, will soon proclaim that some disease has been contracted, and if

your vaunted common-sense cannot even now tell you that there is cause for alarm, your trusting little dog (which looks to you as to a god, for comprehension) will soon be lying dead, a victim, shall we say, to ignorance? Methinks this word, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of sins! Have we any moral right to keep so-called pets unless we at any rate try to understand their wants and their ways? For serious ailments, go to a "vet," but surely you should be able to administer a simple pill, or tonic as required. If a dog refuses his regular food, if he is listless and unresponsive when you suggest a walk, if he eats fitfully, and is sick afterwards, if his eyes are dull, his nose hot and dry, or if he tires easily, take my word for it, something is amiss. Seek medical advice, and don't wait till it is too late for a cure to be possible. Dogs, like little children, are very apt to slip through our fingers when once they are taken ill, unless proper precautions are followed up by skilled medical treatment.



Photo by Beak & Sons, Bridlington Quay.

A Smooth Coated Collie: "Champion Rockliffe Veto."



AUSTIN BAIRD leant over the rail of Westminster Bridge, and looked at the view. Being an Englishman, I think it the most wonderful view in the world. Anyway, there is none other like it. You have the Thames, slowly rising or falling, placidly flowing through the great City which is the Marvel of the Ages. On one side the Houses of Parliament whose much abused architecture does not look "gingerbready" in the moonlight—it was moonlight when Austin Baird stared absently from the bridge—but graceful and fairy-like. On the other side St. Thomas's Hospital adds solidity and colour to the scene. Very few persons can look East or West from Westminster Bridge, especially on moonlight nights, without exclaiming with admiration and surprise; and I know of two men who came from the other end of the world, at great personal inconvenience and cost, just to stand where Austin Baird stood, or to say they had stood there.

But he was not thinking of, was scarcely seeing, the view. He was looking back at his past. He hadn't far to look, for he was still a young man—a very young man by our modern mode of reckoning; he was thirty-one. And it had been a remarkable past.

I wonder whether our friends are as

much astonished by our success as we are? His success seemed natural and reasonable enough to Baird, as he contemplated it that night. He had come up from a provincial town, where he had been reporting and writing short articles for the *Diddlesborough Trumpet*, to London, the Mecca of the journalist, at the age of twenty-one. Some persons are boys at that age; Baird was a man, with a man's experience of poverty and endeavour, with some of a man's scars, gained in that experience, still smarting on him. He had "got on" to one of the daily papers, had fought his way into the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, had struck oil with a volume of political and social essays; and, a political speech in an important provincial city having attracted the attention of the wire-puller of the Conservative Party, Baird had been "helped" by the Carlton Club, and, at the age of twenty-nine, had passed from the Press Gallery to a seat amongst the members in the Mother of Parliaments.

It had been hard work, supplemented by a dogged perseverance and an indomitable pluck. He had not surmounted obstacles, but had cut his way through them. He had fought class prejudice—the Conservative Party does not regard an unknown man, a man of

no "family," with favour, believe me! he had fought the difficulties which arise from self education and an ignorance of "Society." He had also fought against the natural timidity and nervousness which hamper the man who rises from the ranks. And with the result that the battle was nearly won.

I say nearly, because he was handicapped by that "want of pence which curseth public men." He earned a fairly large income by his pen, but it was just enough to enable him to keep himself and his seat in the House. Live as economically as he may, the expenses of a Member of Parliament are great. He was an eloquent speaker, and an able writer. He had used his voice and his pen unsparingly for his Party, and if they were not grateful — there is very little of the commodity of gratitude in politics — they were, at least, bound to acknowledge his ability and his value; and they were prepared to do so in a substantial manner.

The Conservatives were just coming in — political power in England runs on the pendulumatic principle; first the Liberals, then the Conservatives; a kind of "Here we go up, there you go down!" like a

see-saw, and his Party were nearly, if not quite, ready to give him office; say, an Under Secretaryship which should be a step to something higher. It was quite on the cards that he might become Foreign Secretary — whisper it with bated breath — even Prime Minister.

And for the "want of pence" there was a chance of supply, for a certain Sir William Drale, who had amassed a huge fortune out of canary seed, had taken a fancy to him, and Sir William had a daughter who had taken more than a fancy.



The sweetness of her face, rather than its beauty, had smitten him.

But, strange to say, Baird was not thinking of Miss Drale at that moment, but of a certain little girl named Agnes Brown.

Agnes Brown was a waitress at one of the numerous establishments of the Aerated Bread Company. I am quite aware that the reader, gentle or otherwise, will be reluctant to accept a waitress as a heroine; but I will only remark that I know, personally, no less than three ladies—I use the word calmly and advisedly—who serve in one of the A. B. C. shops, and that Agnes was a lady in mind, appearance, and manner.

She was the only daughter of a widowed mother, whose husband had earned a large income as an engineer—and spent it. When they were left penniless, Mrs. Brown had suggested governing to Agnes; but the girl, in addition to being pretty and graceful, possessed too much common-sense to attempt teaching things she knew nothing about; and, of her own accord, sought and gained a situation in one of the Strand establishments of the A. B. C.

Here, seeking a cup of tea and toast, one afternoon, Austin Baird had seen her. The sweetness of her face, rather than its beauty, had smitten him; her voice, low pitched, with just a touch of sadness in its music, had done the rest. On his first visit he fell in love; on his third he asked her to meet and walk with him; and when, looking at him with her clear grey eyes, she told him he might call on her at her home with her mother; he gave her his right name, but described himself as a novelist, and said nothing about his seat in the House of Commons.

As he walked to his solitary lodgings in Westminster Bridge Road that afternoon, he had asked himself why he had concealed the fact of his "eminence" from her; and he had answered this mental inquiry by assuring himself that he did not want to "frighten" her.

He had seen her frequently since that day; he called at their flat at the Industrial Buildings, Battersea, nearly every day or evening; he had taken

her to the usual pleasure resorts round London; to theatres and concerts, for which he could always procure tickets; and his love had grown steadily; but he had not yet told her that he was the Austin Baird who was perpetually the object of violent blame in the Radical, and as violent praise in the Conservative papers; and as Agnes neither read the papers nor conversed with persons who talked politics, she had not learnt the fact for herself.

He had not as yet asked her to marry him: but to-night he was debating whether he should do so or not. And he would have to decide quickly. He had arrived at the stage where the hill of political success begins. If he meant climbing it, he must ease himself of all burdens and also avail himself of every possible assistance.

It was the old problem—Love or Ambition? If he married Agnes he must give up his political career, for his income would barely be enough for a journalist and his wife, and would certainly not suffice for a married Member of Parliament. On the one hand were Miss Drale and Place and Power; on the other, Agnes—and Love and Obscurity.

He left the Bridge and walked slowly towards Battersea, with his mind still un-made up. She met him at the door of the little sitting room, her grey eyes glowing softly, a rose blush on her usually pale cheeks, and a tender little quaver in her low, musical voice; and as Baird took both her hands and looked into her eyes, he mentally said "Good-bye" to Miss Drale, Place, and Power, and "opted"—what a hideous word it is!—for Agnes Brown and Obscurity.

Mrs. Brown had gone out to do some shopping, and he had Agnes to himself for more than hour; and before the time had passed he had asked her to marry him.

She looked startled, and her eyes, which she had lifted to his with a sudden joyous light in them, wavered and fell. Then she raised them again and looked at him. And to a woman he was good to look at. He was dark,

almost sallow, his features were sharply cut, his brow not without a kind of nobility—Nature's, not the Queen-made article—and his eyes, like those of most clever and eloquent men, were deep and lustrous.

"Are you so surprised, Agnes?" he asked, as she remained silent.

"Yes," she replied with the candour, the frankness which were part of her charm for him. "I—I did not think you would ask me for a long time. I—I know you are not—not well off, and—and I am so young. Do you know that I am not twenty yet!"

"Yes; I like you young. And as to money—well—I've enough, and I shall earn more. So I don't see why we should wait. I'm very lonely in those diggings of mine, Agnes; and we will take a little house in the suburbs—somewhere with a late train I can get down by after the paper has gone to Press."

The blush grew on her sweet face at the thought of the "little house," but she looked at him gravely.

"But, shall I not be a burden, a hindrance to you? I know how much harder it is for a man to get on with a wife—"

He winced at the question, which

was so much more significant than she could guess.

"Don't you believe it, dear," he said. "I shall work all the harder and better for having someone to work for. Come, your mother will be in presently; let us decide, and tell her the day."

She grew rather pale.

"It is so sudden!" she murmured.

I—I feel as if I wanted to think."

"You are not sure that you love me?" he asked, with the cruelty of the man.

She glanced at him and did not answer the question.

"I should like to have till the day after to-morrow. Please don't be angry or impatient. You don't know how I have—have thought of this—I mean our meeting and—and going about with each other. Sometimes, nearly always, it has seemed to me as if it—it meant nothing; as if

it would all pass and fade away. As if there was nothing serious. Oh, I can't explain! But you have always seemed so much above me—"

"That's nonsense, Agnes!"

"No, not nonsense, Austin. I have felt it. And I have often asked myself whether you—you would be happy and contented with me for a wife."

"Come, Agnes; you know—"

"I know that you are clever and



The other young man nodded and scowled.

ambitious. And I know, ignorant as I am, that I should only be in your way. Ah, don't stop me; it takes all my courage to tell you this—! And—and—I want to tell you exactly my thoughts. It would kill me if I found, after you had married me, that I was a stumbling block in your path."

His face grew graver. It was almost as if she knew the truth, the extent of his sacrifice. But it did not appear a sacrifice at that moment; he wanted her so badly. Place, Power weighed lightly in the scale against his love and this sweet, beautiful girl who loved him. "Give me your answer now, to-night, and let it be 'Yes!' he said, rather huskily.

But she would not. There was more strength of will inside that slight, willowy form than anyone would have credited it with.

"The day after to-morrow. I shall be home about eight," she said.

The mother's step was heard on the outer stone stair, and Austin left her.

As he reached the bottom of the tall building, he almost ran against a young man who was entering. He recognized him as a, certain distant cousin of Agnes's, William Thompson, who was a well-to-do tradesman—and he was in love with Agnes. Baird nodded gravely; the other young man nodded and scowled, and each went his way.

The next day there was what is called a "crisis" in the House. A member of the Liberal Party, blessed with a bitter tongue and a courage to match, attacked the Leader of the Opposition in a speech which, for fluency of epithet and brilliance of invective had seldom been surpassed, if equalled. The Conservative Leader had made a somewhat foolish after-dinner speech on the question of the day, and his opponent went for him tooth and nail, rent and tore him, flung the fragments of him in the air and savagely spurned them! so that the Tories sat and listened and stared aghast. If this attack were unparried, gone were their chances of coming into power; the pendulum would swing in vain.

The Leader, and object of the attack,

leant back with the nape of his neck on the edge of the seat, a bland and thoughtful smile on his face. It was evident that he didn't intend to reply. His followers looked round with a dazed kind of despair.

Then up rose Austin Baird. He was pale—for he knew that his great chance had come—but he was calm. He began in so low a voice that the reporters in the gallery could scarcely hear him; but he soon became audible—more than audible; his voice rose and rang with the ring that always stirs the House. He spoke more than well, wonderfully. He not only defended his leader, but attacked his assailant. Like a razor his polished sentences, his bitter sarcasm, his glittering epigrams sliced his foe in pieces. The House cheered on one side, groaned and howled on the other; and when he sat down the excitement found expression in a cheer which was almost general; for the English House of Commons is generous in its acknowledgment of genius, even when half of its members are opposed to the man who owns that genius.

As Baird left the House, the Leader caught him up and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you, Baird," he said. That was all. But Austin knew that his fortune was made—if he liked to stretch out his hand and take it.

He went out on the terrace with his brain hot, and his feet cold. Every actor, every public speaker, knows what that means.

An hour later two men entered the A.B.C. shop in the Strand, and sat down at one of the tables on which Agnes waited, and ordered their tea and toast; they were Members of Parliament. There were very few other persons present, and, seated at a table near, doing her accounts, Agnes heard—could not help hearing—their conversation.

"Wonderful speech, that of Baird's!" said Mr. Rexson.

"Quite wonderful," assented Mr. Johnson. "One of the most wonderful speeches the House has ever listened

to. It has⁷ saved the Tories. They will go in now, without a doubt."

"The coming man—Austin Baird," said Rexson.

"The coming? Come, you mean!" retorted his friend. "Austin Baird is

the strong man of his Party. They are sure to— they *must*— give him office. His fortune's made. That is —" he stopped and smiled.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Rexson.

"Well, I was thinking of the man and his circumstances. He's a journalist, nothing more, and poor. With out money a man can do nothing in politics. You know that as well as I do."

"But I thought he was going to marry Drale's daughter? There's a million waiting for him there!"

"Yes, I know. They say he has only to propose; that she's madly in love with him. But will he?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Well—I don't know. You know Saxford?" (he was the gossip of the town.) "He says that Baird is gone on some girl—a mere nobody whom he met when he was in low water, a

struggling journalist, and that Baird is so much in love with her that he will sacrifice his ambition and his future for her."

"Saxford is an ass. Baird is the last man to hamper himself with an affair of that kind."

"Well, I hope so; for it would be a thousand pities. There's no knowing how far Baird may go, after that speech of his. The papers are full of it; the Leader has been talking about it at the Club, and Middleton was heard to say that Baird could have anything he liked to ask for."

"And he will surrender it all for a love affair! Impossible! How much, miss?"

Agnes made out the ticket for the tea and toast, and, for the first time during her engagement, made in out wrongly. Then she went to the

superintendent and, pleading a very bad headache, asked to be allowed to go home.

She went home and to bed. The hours, the ghastly hours, dragged along with leaden feet; and every one of them left his footprints on her heart and brain.

Still vibrating with his success, still



"I thought he was going to marry Drale's daughter? There's a million waiting for him there."



He goes that night to Miss Drule.

pale with the sleepiness night which success had obligingly bestowed on him, Baird went to Battersea Mansions at the appointed time for his answer.

She was alone; the paraffin lamp dimly lit the small, common-place parlour; it looked smaller, more common-place than ever.

"I have come, Agnes," he said, putting down his hat. "What have you to say to me, dearest; what is to be

her in his arms and wring a different decision from her. But he was a gentleman, though from the ranks, and he held himself in check.

"You have ruined my life," he said, sadly.

"No! I have made it!" almost sprang from her lips, but she closed them tightly.

"Good-bye," he said, after a pause; for what more could be said? She looked at him piteously.

your answer?"

He looked at her with a fond look, the lover's light in his eyes; but the light faded as he met her direct gaze.

"It is 'No,'" she said.

"What! Are you serious, Agnes?" he asked.

"Quite," she said. "I—I have been thinking. I can't marry you."

His face darkened. He did not know until that moment how much he loved her, how badly he wanted her. We seldom appreciate a thing until we are on the point of losing it, or have lost it altogether.

"In short, you do not love me," he said.

"I cannot marry you," she repeated. She looked so sweet, so sad and girlish, that Baird was almost tempted to take

"Don't—don't let us part like this!" she pleaded. "Let us part—friends! I can't marry you, but—but I shall never forget—never cease to be grateful—"

"Oh, spare me!" he broke in bitterly. "There is someone else—there must be. You would not have changed so suddenly without reason."

He went to her, as if he could not help himself, and put his arm round her; she surrendered herself to his embrace for a moment, then she panted.

"Let me go. I—I can't marry you. I—don't love you."

His arms fell from her and he stepped back, shrinking from the blow, and stood overwhelmed and silent. His hat was within reach. He felt for it blindly, and, as blindly, got out of the room. At the bottom of the stairs he met William Thompson. The man nodded and scowled, and Baird, as he inclined his head, smiled bitterly. He thought he understood the cause of his rejection.

He proposed that night to Miss Drale, and was accepted.

Five years later, as the Right Honourable Austin Baird was entering his residence in Carlton Terrace, in good time for his wife's dinner party—he was always punctual—a woman rose from one of the benches in the hall. He looked at her wearily; he had had a long and trying day at the Office and House, and he was tired—indeed, he was always more or less weary. He recognized the mother of Agnes. He stood and regarded her in silence, and waitingly, and his heart beat thickly, for he had never for a single day forgotten the girl, the girl into whose soft grey eyes he had looked, whose lips he had kissed, the girl who had dismissed him for the sake of what she had considered a "better match." He frowned unconsciously, and

so frightened the poor woman.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," she faltered, "but—but she is very ill, very ill indeed—Agnes, I mean, Mr. Baird—and she thought that perhaps you would come to see her."

"Agnes ill," he said, stupidly.

A voice—the sharp voice of a childless, unloved, and disappointed woman—came from the stairs above them.



"Agnes ill," he said, stupidly.



He lifted her hand to his lips.

"Is that you, Austin? Pray be quick; it is late!"

"I am obliged to go out again," he said as casually as he could. "Don't wait. Make my excuses; I will be back as soon as I can."

He called a cab, and Mrs. Brown and he were driven to the old address.

"Isn't—your daughter married?" he asked, just before they alighted.

"Oh no, sir; what make you think that? She's been at the A.B.C. until quite lately, until she grew too weak. No, she's not married, poor child!" said the tearful mother.

They climbed the familiar stairs and entered the tiny bedroom.

She was very white, and wan, and wasted, but sweetly, exquisitely pretty still; the hand she timidly held out to

him—ah, well, you and I, reader, have seen the hand with Death's pressure on it, and know the look of it.

"You have come?" she said, in a very low voice, the voice that woke in Austin's heart all the memories of their love passages. "I—I knew you would. Mother said that you were too great and too far above us now; but I knew you would come. I am dying, dying fast. The doctor says that I can't live another day, or I wouldn't have sent for you. I wanted so much to see you, to tell you——"

A cough shook the frail frame as the winter wind shakes a fallen leaf.

"Agnes!" was all he could say. "Oh, Agnes!"

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't grieve. Don't look at me like that. It was all for the best. I—I found out who you were, and— and what you would lose by marrying me. And so I said "No," and let you think that I didn't care, that there was someone else. And I'm glad, glad,

glad! I read about you in the papers— everything, and I thought, 'He loved me once; I might have been his wife.' No, mother, don't trouble about the medicine. What does it matter, dear? That thought has comforted me and helped me to bear it. All along it has seemed to me as if you belonged to me, though you were married to someone else——"

Baird stifled a groan.

"And—I have been so proud of you, and so glad that I found strength not to marry you!"

Then there was a pause of a moment or two, then the sweet, weak voice— every note of which echoed along his heart strings—went on.

"I—I never meant to say a word, to let you know the truth; but when they

told me I was not going to live, I felt that I could not die until I had told you that I was not really false to you ; that I—loved you from the first. I felt that I should not rest in my grave if I let you go on thinking that I refused to marry you because I was fickle and had ceased to love you. I knew it wouldn't matter to you, now that you are married and happy."

He set his teeth. Happy! Heaven and Earth, what a mockery the word seemed! He thought, at that moment, of the five years of "success"; of the applause of the crowded House; of the blatant approval of the newspapers; of the time-serving throng of sycophants and toadies through which he had moved half suffocatingly; the five years which had bred satiety and envy of the lot of the dustmen who whistled as they collected the heaps in the streets; of the five loveless years spent with a disappointed woman in whose breast rankled, day and night, the knowledge that her husband did not love, and never had loved, her. He could have laughed aloud at the grotesque inapplicability of the word Happy!

"I've read every speech. What a

great man you are, Austin! And once you loved me! Me!"

He lifted her hand to his lips. But he could not speak. He dared not.

"Thank you for coming—and—good bye! I shall die quite happy now!"

Extract from *The Times*, two weeks later:—

"With profound regret we have to announce the retirement from the Cabinet and the House of Commons of Mr. Austin Baird. It is an open secret that the Right Honourable Gentleman has been in ill-health for some time past, and that only the strong sense of duty which characterizes him has kept him at the important post which he holds. His medical advisers have now insisted upon his relinquishment of office and abstinence from every mental effort. Society will sincerely sympathize with Mrs. Baird, who has so worthily and brilliantly discharged her social duties as the wife of the most popular of Her Majesty's Ministers; and all Parties of the political world will unite in the wish that the wise and accomplished Statesman may speedily be restored to health.



Made with Charms.

SKY SAILING.

BY GERTRUDE BACON.

THE origin of ballooning, so it is recorded, was due to the chance suggestion of an old woman. It is close on 120 years ago now since the brothers Montgolfier sat over their fire one night and watched the blue smoke curling up their chimney in graceful wreaths; till at last the thought occurred to them that in these same curving smoke wreaths lay the germ of the power that should another day bear man aloft on mighty pinions beyond the clouds. To them, then, belongs the honour of the primary idea, but to their old housekeeper certainly falls the fame of having first rightly perceived how this same idea could be turned to practical account.

She found her two young masters, with this splendid new project fresh in their minds, vainly endeavouring to make a large paper bag rise from the

table by filling it with the smoke from some light fuel burning in a small tin tray; yet never succeeding because the smoke had always cooled too greatly to lift the bag before the bag could be fully inflated. "Why not tie the tin on at the bottom?" suggested the old lady; thereby solving the difficulty and pointing the way to all the subsequent triumphs that man has obtained in his mastery of the air.

It is a far cry from the paper bag of the two young Frenchmen of Annonay to the 56,000 cubic feet capacity silken monster in which the gay crowd at Earls Court make the captive ascents, seven or eight at a time; or in which Mr. Spencer soars nearly six miles into the skies. But the one is the quite simple outcome of the other. True, the heated air of the Montgolfier balloon has been almost entirely superseded by the

more convenient gas from the town gas-works, but the principle is the same, and one discovery led quite naturally up to the other. So we will not forget our ingenious old woman and her happy suggestion when we pay a visit to a factory, a forecast of whose manufactures would assuredly have filled her with the wildest amazement.

With but the



Where the balloon is born.



A collection of balloon vitals.

very few exceptions all the balloons of Great Britain are born in the works owned by Messrs. C. G. Spencer and Sons in Holloway; and here, almost any time, may be seen balloons of all descriptions—from the toy, pilot, and advertising sizes to the passenger balloons to carry from one to seven individuals—in process of manufacture. A large balloon is a valuable craft, costing from £150 and upwards, nor is this to be wondered at when silk, ordage, car, ropes, and other accessories are taken into consideration. The fabric chiefly used now, by the way, is not silk at all, but a specially closely woven cotton, rendered impervious to the gas by repeated coatings of varnish.

The big gores are cut out with a sharp knife round carefully calculated shapes, on long tables, and afterwards sewn up together by machine; while the net, which takes almost as long to make as the balloon itself, is netted with gigantic meshes in approved

nautical fashion. The wicker car is a fine example of basket work, closely woven, bound together with raw hide, and with the ropes that bear it carried right through the substance, round the bottom and up again; so that under no conceivable circumstances should the car and the balloon that supports it part company in the air. The car of a large balloon, it may be mentioned, is some six feet long by four wide, these proportions being determined by many considerations, not the least important being the available space in the luggage van of a railway train.

Then there is the grapnel to be reckoned with, a heavy iron implement armed with five or six sharp "flukes," warranted to catch and hold fast in any obstacle worthy the name, or under all ordinary circumstances in the ground itself. There is the ring in which the netting terminates, and to which the car is actually slung—a very important part of the outfit, made of bent ash covered with that heavy string fabric

known to sailors as "sword matting." There are, moreover, the forty or more ballast bags, ropes, and other paraphernalia to be included before the craft is completely "found," and, then, in all her glory of gay colour and new cordage, her shapely form expanded in graceful curves by the swelling gas within, and the sun shining on her red and gold seams and bright varnish, she looks a noble ship indeed and one in which her gold-laced aeronaut may well be proud to sail the clouds.

of the hurricanes of those southern seas burst, in relentless wrath, upon the city and upon a perfectly new balloon, standing erect and ready inflated to soar aloft for the first time. Small use the little army of eager hands that strove in vain to hold her to the ground. Before that awful blast she tore madly from them all, hurled herself suicidally upon some neighbouring buildings, and while the dashing rain crushed and flattened the gas from her seams, the mad gale shook, tore, and



Cutting out the silk for the balloon.

Lucky indeed for him, however, if the sun shine and the wind be calm on the day of his new craft's maiden voyage; for the Spencer brothers have known things to be far otherwise. It has unfortunately happened to them all, and more than once, that a new balloon has finished her course perhaps before ever she has spread her wings once to the upper air. Mr. Stanley Spencer is not likely soon to forget that day in Rio de Janeiro, when the skies darkened over his head with almost momentary suddenness, and one

worried her, till but the veriest ribbons remained as the wreck of the stately craft of five minutes before.

Fortunately for the aeronaut, such disastrous occurrences are not of everyday happening, and we will suppose, instead, that the day is bright and calm, and that we ourselves are to accompany the trial trip.

We have been early on the field, and have watched the folded balloon spread out flat on the ground like a huge round mat, and the cordage arranged carefully above it. The skill of a



The balloon on the ground before inflation. It lies very flat.

practised hand is required, in this preliminary stage, so to lay out the silk and net that they rise together in proper position when the gas is turned on. Once this successfully accomplished and the rest is comparatively plain sailing, though the aeronaut and his assistant are very well employed, for a couple of hours or more, in shifting the restraining sand bags to lower and lower meshes of the cordage as the silk swells and rises; and as from thirty to forty of these encircle the mass, each weighing half a hundred-weight, this is fairly laborious labour for a hot afternoon.

But the silk is filled at last to its fullest capacity, so that it strains out tense and firm right down to the neck, from the open mouth of which now depends the cord that connects with the valve at the top. The

ring is already affixed, and now the car is wheeled up and the balloon, formerly held down "by the waist," is allowed to rise to its full height, restrained only by the men at the ropes. This is the most exciting time, and the part demanding most skill and experience of the aeronaut and his helpers, for the huge mass is eager and impatient to be off, and straining at her moorings, while if there be anything of a wind

stirring she catches its full force, and rolls backwards and forwards madly, sometimes right on to the heads of the onlookers, with creak of cordage and loud rustle of silk.



The aeronaut mounts his assistant's shoulders to affix the cap.



Well away.

Now is the time for the passengers to jump into the car—sometimes no easy job by reason of the swinging ropes—and hold on tight to the sides as the captain pays out the ballast bags, one by one, till the right lifting power is reached, the craft meantime rising, perhaps, a short way into the air and then crashing down again with a nasty little jar, which the springy wicker basket greatly, but not quite, mitigates. It is astonishing, by the way, how wonderfully elastic good wicker work is, and how admirably it averts the severe shocks of landing which would otherwise often try the bones of the passengers very severely.

But now another bag has been handed out, and we lift once more. "Shall we bump again?" "No. Let go! We're off!" and all suddenly, silently, smoothly, the earth drops away beneath us, further, further, further, till, all in a moment as it seems, the waving hands of our friends are indistinguishable in the fast deepening gulf below, and their shouts rise up to us in far-away faint echoes, as almost from another world.

How the country has suddenly opened out before us, and spread itself forth as a mighty map unrolled. There is the familiar street, and the church, and the river, and there the gas works, so much of whose contents we have now in the bag over our heads, and can just discern as but a faint mistiness when we peer up through the open mouth. The mouth of a balloon is always open



The town we left behind us.

during an ascent to allow of the escape of the gas, which expands as the balloon reaches altitudes where the air is rarer. Were this precaution not taken, the silk would burst, as indeed it did on one occasion, only a few months ago, during an ascent at the Crystal Palace by a "young hand" who had neglected this most essential part of his business.

In this case disaster was happily averted by the artifice, several times successfully tried, of letting loose the lower portion of the silk, when the balloon forms itself naturally into a parachute, and the extreme rapidity of its fall is thereby checked. This fact, remembered in time, has saved the lives of several balloonists, when, for some reason, their balloons have become torn while floating in upper air, but it requires an aeronaut possessed of no small presence of mind to remember and put in practice such an expedient during the few seconds of a mad rush to earth.

At the present moment, to return to our voyage, the fact that we are rising apace is sufficiently borne out by the smell of the gas escaping from the mouth, always indicative of a rapid ascent. It is needless, of course, to say that, from the close proximity of the gas, smoking or striking of lights is strictly forbidden in the car of a balloon, and that if for any reason a light is required it has to be that of a Davy lamp, such as miners use underground and for the same reason.

It has been the writer's good fortune on one occasion to make a night

ascent, when the services of a Davy lamp, slung to the ring, were requisite; and very strange and weird was the scene that its feeble rays illumined. The ascent was made in the thick darkness of the small hours of a cloudy November morning, and the picturesque effect of the start was vastly enhanced by the deep shadows that lay



The suburbs as we saw them

everywhere, except just in the rays of the gas lights, which glittered in reflection on the damp silk of the balloon towering up into the blackness, and lit up the white faces of a crowd which, despite the hour and the damp chill, had assembled to see the departure. On the ground the air was still and clear, but within three minutes of our start, before yet the glimmering lights of the sleeping town had fully

disclosed themselves, we entered a deep and massive cloud, in which we felt ourselves as completely isolated from

lying common, where the white roads, cutting each other at right angles, through the dark background of gorse and heather, give the appearance of an irregularly marked tennis lawn. We know, from our acquaintance with the neighbourhood, that this is high ground, but from the balloon it is sunk in the same level flatness as the surrounding country. From such a height as this—three quarters of a mile, say—it is only by the most careful observation of contour, shadows, and the like, that the experienced aeronaut can tell hills from valleys, and even then with nothing approaching certainty: and it is this fact which greatly reduces the value of a survey of an enemy's country for military purposes by a war balloon.



The friends we left to tremble for us.

all the world as if we were out in the infinite realms of space. At that hour no sounds rose to our lofty height, and the heavy pall of mist shut out every object from our gaze, save our own faces, white in the lamplight, and the wicker walls of our car, looking over which was like gazing into a black, unfathomable well.

The sensation was a strange and far from unpleasant one, though it lacked the variety and infinite beauty of a daylight ascent, till we ultimately cleared the cloud and emerged at its upper limit, in the whole glory of a full moon, into a scene as near like fairy-land in its novel, unearthly loveliness as I ever hope to gaze on. But our attention is not now with this experience, but with the glorious, fleeting panorama, changing so rapidly, at present beneath our feet. We are clear of the town now, and its last out-lying houses, and are traversing a wide expanse of high-

Presently, on the edge of the common land, we pass directly over some nobleman's estate, and look right down on his home farm and well ordered garden, where the flower beds make a pattern like tessellated pavement, and the sun glitters on the roofs of the glass-houses. Anon we cross the river, and a long stretch of woods and coppice, and then, sweeping lower, we pass so close to a village that we can plainly distinguish the shouts of the wildly excited inhabitants who have rushed out of the cottages to greet us; the shrill trebles of the school children always leading. We soon leave these behind us, but our craft is yet sinking, and so rapidly that our long trail rope presently sweeps its end along a green pasture, causing some grazing horses to scamper wildly across the grass, and a moment after a cry of expostulation from the owner of an outlying farm, above which we cross, warns us that he fears for his chimney pots.

It is clearly time to part with more

ballast, so another bag is heaved up in the aeronaut's arms, rested on the edge of the car, and then its contents discharged in a little shower over the landscape.

The result of this lightening is to send us up again higher than ever, so that it is now from the height of a good mile that we shortly survey the landscape where objects are now almost ridiculously diminished by distance. And so through the afternoon we float gently along, with never a moment's sensation of movement—till, to the earth below, the sun has set, though to us he still shines clear above the horizon. Purple shadows are upon the woods and fields, now once again approaching nearer; our ballast is running short, and it were well to descend while that narrow black track that represents the railway is within reasonable distance.

So the anchor is adjusted, and poised ready to fall; another ballast bag with which to break the descent, lifted on to the edge, and the aeronaut takes a double turn of the valve rope round his fist while he warns us to hold tight and stand with bent knees ready for the inevitable bump.

We are skimming only just above the

tree tops now, and our captain's practised eye searches the ground rapidly for a favourable landing. Here is a nice soft pasture just ahead, and over goes the grapnel with a tremendous crash, and the valve is twice smartly tugged open. But the ground is hard with long continued drought, and the grapnel refuses to hold. Moreover an unforeseen gust of wind catches the bellying silk as we swoop; and, instead of striking the paddock, we just clear it, and drive right for the top of a big elm in the further hedge.

"Crouch down in the car!" shouts the captain, and we duck hastily, and feel the branches snap and whip and scrape the outside of the basket. But we are through in a moment, and now our anchor has found holding place in the hedge. A great rustling of silk and straining of ropes, a couple of smart bumps, and we are all sprawling sideways on a stubble field, a confused mass of cordage, and car, and heads, and limbs; while from all around come the hearty shouts of troops of harvesters, breathless and gasping, rushing up from far and near to where the dying monster, still heaving in its death throes, is even now yielding up its last breath of the gas which is its life.



A BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

IN FIVE ACTS

BY RHODA BROUGHTON

ACT. I.

LORD CLAMBALLY was walking along Ebury Street, under an umbrella. It was a hot, thick November day, hopelessly, drippingly wet. It is impossible to imagine anything uglier than our dear London looks on such a day, hers being indeed never one of those regularly beautiful faces which can afford to do without smiles. Clambally's mood rather matched it. He had just been reading in a financial journal of a very decided "slump" in South African mines, in which he possessed more shares than he cared to think.

He was fresh from the hands of a hairdresser, who had remarked upon the enlarging tonsure on his crown, and fresher still from the eyes of a former love whom he had been bidden to meet at luncheon and talk over old times with, after the lapse of twenty-five years, and she had told him, with that brusquerie which had been piquant at seventeen, but was only rude at forty-three, that she should not have known him from Adam! He wished now that he had not gallantly rejoined that he could have picked her out among ten thousand! It was not true, and her incivility did not deserve it.

Considering what Marietta had developed into as Lady Thoms—what a name!—he was far from regretting the past. The Colonies had always a roughening, coarsening effect. (Sir Thoms was a lately returned and retired pro-Consul.) The continual contact with underbred people through a long series of years could scarcely ever be borne with impunity.

"Should not have known him from Adam!" How discourteous the very phrase! And even if she had not trampled on his own self-esteem there was a something displeasing to him in her tone, a tinge of swagger in her mention of the balls she was going to give in her new house in Grosvenor Place, and of the splendour of her legitimate matrimonial expectations (she had certainly grown unnecessarily confidential as luncheon progressed) for her one son at Christ Church.

When Clambally visited London he had to live at his club, for the Clambally rents did not rise to maintaining anything like all his too numerous male progeny at either University.

He tried to console himself with the reflection that the son of his lost Marietta was probably a "bounder," but his face was rather long as he walked on under his dripping umbrella, over which—it was a new one—a passing hansom had just splashed a geyser of wet mud. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he nearly fell over two little boys, who had apparently just left a house a little further on, and after the heedless manner of little boys,

were walking with their heads turned back over their shoulders, as if interested in some object behind them, and careless of approaching obstacles. They had butted into him, and he had had time to give vent to a warm "Look where you are going, you young rascals!" before he recognized in the pair two intimate personal friends, the sons of his cousin, Lady Betty Stainer, married to that excellent parish priest, the Vicar of St. —, Belgravia.

Clanbally, either because, or in spite, of his having plenty of his own, was cordially fond of children. He liked bad ones best, but few came amiss to him. He had a particular kindness for the present two, both because they had a strong dash of his own wild Irish blood in them, and because he was complacently conscious of having given them on former occasions his cordial co-operation in many schemes of devilry.

"It is you, is it? Now that you have taken your heads out of my waistcoat, perhaps you will tell me what you are up to?"

There was no immediate articulate answer to this appeal, but a couple of

identical chuckles assured his lordship that his surmise as to his little friends not being taking an innocently aimless constitutional was correct.

"Who is the friend whom you have been honouring with a visit?"

"We have not been visiting anyone."

But the chuckle was rising into a hysterical giggle.

"Why, I saw you leaving the doorstep of that house — what number is it — I cannot see from here?"

"Did you?"

"Who lives there?"

"I do not know, do you, Eric?"

"I have not an idea; we can look in the book when we get home, and tell you."

"Then, what were you doing on that doorstep?" Clanbally had shifted his umbrella into his left hand, in order to have his right hand free to give an imperative tweak to Master Eric's ear. "You have

not" — with a real sense of disappointment as he put the question — "you have not stooped to a runaway ring?"

The emphasis of the disclaimer with which this suggestion was met reassured him: "A runaway ring! Is it likely?"

"Then, what were you doing on that doorstep?"

A moment's pause, a semi-sotto voce



He nearly fell over two little boys.

consultation. "Shall we tell him?" The answer was apparently in the affirmative. "If we tell you, will you swear not to tell anyone?"

"Do I ever tell?"

"Not anyone in the whole world?"

"Not anyone in the whole world!"

"Not even if you were asked?"

"Would you have me tell a lie?"

This question might seem a poser, and for a minute Eric stumbled over it; but his junior, two sizes smaller, and two degrees more steeped in iniquity, answered brazenly, "Yes."

"Well, out with it."

"We cannot tell you unless you swear. You will get us into a most awful row if you do not. The worst row we have ever been in."

"The worst row you have ever been in?"—lifting his eyebrows. "That is a pretty large order."

"Yes, it is."

"Worse than the one about Lady Minchin's false teeth?"

"Much worse."

"Worse than the one when you burnt off your sister Marian's eyebrows with your chemicals?"

"Worse than that."

"It must be something portentous. Well, I shall have to trust to your honour not to let me in for anything that will bring me to the gallows. I swear unconditionally."

"Stoop down, then. I cannot say it cut loud for fear someone should hear."

Clanbally complied, and without further delay or stipulation the smaller, bolder boy put a pair of excited lips very close to his ear and poured into it a long, voluble whisper. It was so quick and so indistinct that at first the only impression that it conveyed was how very much it tickled the organ which received it. It had, in fact, to be repeated before its import reached the hearer's sense. When it did so, he raised himself into an upright posture again, and shook with laughter.

"You have outdone yourselves," he cried, ecstatically. "Here's half a crown apiece for you. Go on. Go on and prosper. I will be cut into ribbons before I'll peach." Clapping them both

heartily on the back, still further to encourage them in their meritorious labour, he passed on his way, laughing at intervals for ten minutes after he had left the little fellows, to the surprise of those who met him, since in grown-up persons solitary mirth is so rare as generally to imply lunacy.

ACT II.

An hour later two ladies stood on the doorstep of that house in Ebury Street which Clanbally had credited the Masters Stainer with visiting. While the elder fitted her doorway into the keyhole, proving herself thereby no casual caller, but an inhabitant, the younger looked vacantly down the street, forgetting even the precautionary measure so necessary on a wet day of rapidly opening and shutting her umbrella to get rid of some of its too abundant moisture ere entering. When her mother pointed out the omission, she indeed listlessly repaired it; but there was no life in the gesture nor in the step which carried her to the little hall flap table on which a solitary card—it was evidently a family not oppressed by a too numerous visiting list—lay. But no sooner had she glanced at it than the animation so patently absent sprang back into her face and figure, showing that her dejected phlegm was not constitutional, but the result of some unhappy accident.

"Oh, mother, look!" The mother, not so young as she had been, wasted a couple of precious minutes on that chronic eyeglass chase which is one of the small yet decided embitterments of later life; calling forth a tremulously impatient, "Oh, can't you see? What does it mean?" from the girl. The eyeglasses were on.

"Lady Thoms!"

The mother paused a moment in obvious stupefaction. "Lady Thoms! Am I awake! But it is incredible!" "Yet it is true!"—in a key of the highest, most quivering exultation—"and she did not only leave it formally, she asked to come in. See, the corner is turned down. There is no mistake.

She asked for us! When did this lady call?" turning with a futile effort to hide her agitation, to a parlourmaid who had come on the scene to take their wet tweed capes.

"I am sure I can't say, 'm! I found the card in the letter box about half an hour after you and Mrs. Baddeley had gone out."

"In the letter box? Oh, then, she did not ask to come in!"—with an accent of acute disappointment—"and yet"—with a glance of reassurance at the very unmistakably bent-down corner of the card—"she must have meant to do so!"

"I am sure I do not know, 'm. I found it in the letter box."

A minute of silent anxious pondering, then with a clearing brow—

"I see how it was! The bell did not ring; the wire is always rather stiff; and even if it did, you know, Sarah, that you are sometimes a little slow in answering it, and the footman grew impatient and dropped it into the box, but the lady evidently meant to come in."

She began to walk up the squeaky stairs—mean as only the stairs of a small London house know how to be—with an airy step, cherishing in her hand the little square of card-board as she went. When mother and daughter were safe in the drawing-room, out of Sarah's shot, the daughter

flung herself on her mother's neck.

"Oh, mother, it can mean but one thing! She has repented! They are coming round!"

Mrs. Baddeley put away her daughter's arms quite gently, but decidedly.

"It is absolutely incomprehensible to me!"

"Why did we go out?" cried the girl, walking about and twisting her gloves this way and that in a spasm of excitement. "No doubt she calculated upon finding us at home for a certainty this pouring day! If we had but been at home!"

The other gave a slight shudder.

"I do not think I could have met her in anything like a Christian spirit after that letter!"

"But she has repented of having written it. Does not this visit prove it? What other interpretation can you put upon it than that it was meant as a reparation?"

"Why should she repent? Are you any more desirable a *parti* for her son than you were six weeks ago?"

"No," dejectedly, "of course I am

not, but perhaps the sight of Fitz's unhappiness—I know he is unhappy, and you think so, too, don't you?" (very wistfully)—"may have touched her heart. She is not a monster; She must have a heart, though we have never been able to find it!"

The girl had sat down on the sofa beside Mrs. Baddeley, but it was now



"Lady Thoms!"

the latter's turn to find relief in motion. She started up and paced the little room, with her brows gathered, evidently chewing the cud of most bitter memory.

"Is there anything more that they can get out of us?" she asked, presently, in a key of distilled bitterness. "Do they need us to start them in life again; or pull them out of the mire they fell into when we had started them? And, if they did, is your father alive to do it?"

"Dear father, no!" (breaking into gentle tears.) "But perhaps it is his memory that has softened her. When she recalled all he did for them in those early years no doubt she was sorry for having written that dreadful letter. She must have done it in the heat of the moment. She could not have thought us adventuresses!"

Mrs. Baddeley gave a sort of stung start.

"And you think that she has called to tell us that she finds that after all she was mistaken!"

"If you take it in that way—if you are determined not to accept any amends from her—of course there is no hope," letting her head fall face foremost into the sofa cushions. The inert weight of wretchedness expressed by the gesture tugged at the mother's heart strings. She went and stood ruefully over her prone child.

"Sue, you used to have some pride!"

"Had I?"

"At least, some self-respect."

"Had I?"

"What has become of them?"

"I do not know—at least, yes, I do," flinging up out of the cushions and facing her mother with a look of almost inspiration upon her whole wet face. "They were small things, and they have been killed by a great one. Love has knocked them into cocked hats!"

A most mirthless inclination to laugh seized upon Mrs. Baddeley; her daughter had so little bent towards slang that the slanginess of the phrase by which she had expressed the domination of her passion, struck her with

something of the odious ludicrousness of an oath on a baby's lips. But the tickle of bitter laughter soon gave way to an immense mother-pity.

"You poor little soul, I am sorry for you; but what can I do?" with a deep, yet strangled sigh. "We put pride and self-respect out of court. What is there for us to do?"

She looked apprehensively at Susan as she spoke, for she knew what the answer in her daughter's heart was, even if it did not mount to her lips. After a moment the dreaded words made that ascent, creeping forth trembling, as if knowing how unwelcome they would be.

"Ought not we to return the visit?"

"Return it? When she called us adventuresses and told us that if she met us in the street she should be reluctantly compelled to look the other way! Return the visit?"

ACT III.

A week passed—a week that had been busy with its cruel pencil on Mrs. Baddeley's forehead, and brought her cheek-bones into a prominence not intended by Nature through the perceptible falling away of flesh; a week that had blanched and pinched the rosebud Susan. At the end of that time the second strongest natural force in the world—if, indeed, it be not even mightier than the master instinct which draws men and women to each other—mother-love, vanquished. It has had many more glorious martyrs; illustrious human pelicans, whose names have gone down in song and story, but seldom one whose sacrifice was attended with acuter pangs; and the heart-felt, quivering, "Oh, mother, this is good of you!" with which her child paid homage to her self-murder, sounded in her ear as inadequate as any recognition of it must be.

It was in leaving their own door that the tribute was paid, and the short walk from Ebury Street to Grosvenor Place was trodden in total silence. Mrs. Baddeley was incapable of speech, bracing herself to the quaffing of that

acrid cup of humiliation which her daughter was lifting to her lips. It added a senseless pang to her pain to see what intense thought and care Susan's quiet toilet evidenced, and what a revived bloom set it off.

The idle thought traversed her brain, what a blessing would accrue to the human race if, in the crises of their lives, the cool, reasonable facts—as they are—the seeing eyes of bystanders, could be loaned or hired out to actors in life's little boiling dramas! If, for instance, she could even for five minutes place her own worn, grey eyes under her child's delicate brows, and get her to look at Fitzwilliam Thoms through them, the two women would not now be embarked on an errand which entailed their swallowing their whole life peck of dirt in one nauseous mouthful.

The goal was reached all too soon. The house of the Thoms was one of the larger ones at the upper end of the stately thoroughfare. (You could not find it in the Red Book.) As they stood beneath the imposing portico, with its polished pillars, Mrs. Baddeley—quickly as the opening door followed upon Susan's nervously violent ring—had time for a flash of bitter memory, recalling her first visit to the then grateful and simple Marietta, at that distant time and in that far-off Colony where and when the Baddeleys were the ups and the Thoms the downs.

Her Ladyship was at home, and not till both visitors stood in the hall did the elder one realize on how large a fund of hope that the visitor would be

out she herself had been drawing cheques. Even when Marietta's double doors were in the act of being thrown open to admit them, an almost irresistible impulse towards flight from this supreme humiliation was only subdued in Mrs. Baddeley by a glance at the intense supplication of her daughter's face. That glance enabled her to consummate her sacrifice and follow her



She stood ruefully over her prone child.

own so lately-banned name into the room. In a second she was aware that a moment's reprieve was to be given her—that she was not yet face to face with her former *protégée* and late insulter.

The only occupant of the large and showy apartment was a girl, the one girl of the house, formerly the bosom friend of Susan; and who even up to the final catastrophe had shown impotent velleities of good will. At

the announcement of the once familiar "Mrs. and Miss Baddeley," she had sprung to her feet with a cry; but it did not need the pain-sharpened ears of Mrs. Baddeley to tell her that it was no cry of pleasure; rather of most apparent dismay. Albinia Thoms was young, and sufficiently foolish, and the crisis found her quite unequal to it. For a moment she stood stock still; then hesitated forward with an uncertain hand held out; then paused again; her whole face one index of astonishment and almost terrified inquiry. It was very clear that Lady Thoms had not imparted her peace-making overture to her daughter.

"We were told that Lady Thoms was at home," said Mrs. Baddeley, and to her own intense surprise her voice rang firm and dignified.

"I—I do not know. She is just going out. I was waiting for her. I do not know why the carriage is not here. Do you—do you want to see her? I—I will go and tell her."

She was out of the room in a flash; and they were left alone. Neither stirred or spoke, or budged from the square foot of expensive carpet which held their quivering feet. The attempt to utter a word would have broken down the weaker vessel into a helpless deluge of tears, while the stronger soul was stringing up the slender, nervous body that carried it to meet worthily the ordeal not dimly foreseen ahead of it. The strain of that expectation was growing beyond even her will power to grapple with when it was ended by the entrance of the mistress of the house.

The majesty of fur and frou-frou which announced her presence would have grimly amused Mrs. Baddeley at a lighter moment; now there was no room in her mind for any other feeling than the conviction, conveyed by the first glance at the angry pseudo-dignified face soaring red out of its grey chinchilla, that she had abased herself in vain.

Lady Thoms sailed galleon-wise into the middle of the room, and there stopped. No outheld hand, or even

inclination of head or body, saluted the intruders.

"I think, I may say I feel sure, you cannot have received a letter I wrote to you about six weeks ago, in which I was obliged to tell you that I wished to discontinue your acquaintance?"

All the bracing in the world is of no avail against the reception of a sledge-hammer on your skull, and for a moment Mrs. Baddeley was staggered, dumb, blind, and strangled.

"If you did receive it, I am afraid that you cannot remember the contents."

The sentence held the necessary sting, and pricked the victim back into life.

"I did receive it, and its contents have not escaped my memory; but I supposed by your late visit you meant to convey regret at having been guilty of such an outrage."

"My late visit?"

There was an obvious stupefaction expressed in tone and words.

"You will not, I suppose, deny that a week ago you called upon me at my house in Ebury Street?"

"I called upon you a week ago at your house in Ebury Street? You must be suffering under a hallucination!"

"A week ago, on our return from walking, my daughter and I found your card. Am I to understand that you deny having left it?"

"Most emphatically I do!"

There was such unmistakable truth in the ring of the insolent voice, and in every line of the anger-reddened face, that for a long minute the two blanched women stood stunned. Then the elder forced a sentence across her dry lips.

"If you did not leave it, who did?"

"I am quite unable to hazard a hypothesis."

There was something inexpressibly insulting in the barely veiled incredulity as to its ever having been left at all which pierced through every word of this response.

"We will not intrude upon you any longer," moving through a sort of blankness that had come before her

eyes towards the door. "I should not have done so to-day if I had not thought it my duty to meet half-way what I construed into an apology."

Through the loud singing in her ears as she went blindly down the stairs, an echo of her own last word, a curious, blatant echo, came dull and, as it were, furred.

"An apology! Apology!"

The sharp bite of the outer air soon cleared away the darkness from Mrs. Baddeley's vision, and lessened the rushing noise in her head. She walked so fast that her daughter could scarcely keep pace with her, but followed at a sort of mis-cerable half-run. Their door was reached and entered, but when, on gaining the drawing-room landing, Mrs. Baddeley turned to open her bedroom, the daughter could bear it no longer.

She fell on her knees, and, pulling at her mother's gown as she might have done in infancy, buried her face in the folds.

"Oh mother, mother! Can you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Baddeley freed herself quite gently.

"We will never allude to the subject again," she said, and so passed out of sight.

The next post carried an envelope addressed to Lady Thoms in Mrs. Baddeley's handwriting. It contained

Lady Thoms' visiting card, with these words written on a slip of paper:

"Left at No.—Ebury Street, on November 20th, 189—."

ACT IV.

It was not often that Lord Clanbally had the luck to find his cousin, Lady Betty Stainer, at home when he called

on her, as she was the busiest of clergywomen and rumoured by her family to go to bed and get up again in her bonnet in order to save time. It was, therefore, with true pleasure that he found himself being shown upstairs at the Vicarage on the day following the incidents last related. Lady Betty was dealing out tea and muffins to a circle of female parishioners.

"Devout women not a few," and Eric and his little brother looking unnaturally

holy, were carrying round cream and sugar with a serious smile on each cherub face. Lord Clanbally burst out laughing as soon as he saw them. Being asked to explain his mirth, he had to extemporize a series of untruths in order to allay the apprehension he saw that his merriment had aroused in his two accomplices. A wink behind their mother's back finished the work of reassurance, and they continued their duties with a saintly decorum. By and by the gracious ladies and misses dropped off,



Lady Thoms sailed gallant-wise into the middle of the room.

and the two cousins were left to the pleasure of a *lôte-a-lôte*, for, of course, his lordship's little *âmes damnées* did not count. He chose an armchair just vacated by the amplest dowager, and stretched out his long legs luxuriously.

"Was not that my lost Marietta whom I passed on the stairs coming up?"

"It was the best day's work you ever did to lose her. She is an odious beast!"

Though accustomed to a good deal of trenchancy in his relative's conversation, Lord Clanbally was startled at the vigour of the phrase.

"That is good, nervous English for a Vicaress."

"I am always acting buffer between her and Jim." (Jim was the Rev. Stainer.) "She is perpetually coming to worry him for advice which she does not take, and sympathy which she does not deserve. She did not get much of the latter from me to-day" (in a tone of self-gratification).

"I thought my fair one looked rather ruffled and swelling as I passed her on the stairs. For what delicate distress has she been claiming your aid?"

"Delicate distress, indeed! She seems to have been behaving with the most outrageous brutality to an old friend whose daughter her son Fitzwilliam wants to marry, and whom she forbids the house in consequence; and when, despite this prohibition, they called, she appears to have almost kicked them downstairs."

"Marietta's head was always stronger than her heart. Kicked them downstairs! I should not like to be kicked by Marietta. But why did the old friend give her the chance?"

"That is the puzzling part of the story. I could not quite make out what she was saying to me, for while she was pouring her woes into one ear, old Lady Tempton was belabouring me with questions about the mission services on the other side, but as far as I could make out there had been some mistake about a card. The victim, a Mrs. Baddeley—do you know anything

about her?—vowed that Marietta had, since the catastrophe—quite lately, in fact—left a card upon her in Ebury Street. She lives in Ebury Street, and Lady Thoms swears her great gods that she had done nothing of the kind. The odd part is that the card was left; poor Mrs. Baddeley (I must call upon her and we will go together and kick Marietta! Will you join the party?) enclosed it in an envelope with the date; and Marietta is breathing fire and slaughter against some person or persons unknown who have made free with her sacred name. It is an odd story, is it not, Clan?"

Clan did not immediately answer. At the mention of Ebury Street he had started, and thrown an involuntary glance towards the two admirably-behaved little boys, who, their services no longer required, had subsided into tranquil attitudes over picture books. Above the rims of those picture books four round eyes, full of terror and consternation, met his.

"Do not you think it an odd story?" asked Lady Betty, surprised at her usually quick-sympathised cousin's apparent want of interest. "Are not you listening? And why are you and Eric staring at each other with your mouths open?"

"I am listening. I think it a very odd story. Did you say Ebury Street?"

"Yes, Ebury Street."

"And when—about how long ago—was this mysterious card left there?"

"About a week or ten days ago, as far as I understood."

To the hostess's surprise, her cousin's rejoinder was to jump up, seize each of her sons by the shoulder and, crying, "Boys, come to the schoolroom, I must have a word with you," push them before him out of the room.

She remained alone by the deserted tea-table. At first, curiosity prompted her to follow them; but she thought better of it. It was to her a very unusual treat to sit quiet for five minutes, at rest for that space from the parish, and Clanbally was always a bit of a lunatic. A quarter of an hour elapsed ere the party returned. It

entered in the same order as it had left the room. Contrite guilt sat on each of the countenances, but there was no compulsion by the adult. Evidently, whatever cause of action had been resolved upon, they were all consenting parties. Clanbally was the spokesman when they had ranged up in front of the judgment seat.

"You will see before you three great criminals," he said.

ACT V.

On the morrow, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, a small party of people might have been seen pas-

sing down Ebury Street. It consisted of an adult and two almost infant gentlemen. The former held the latter firmly each by a hand, whether to support their spirits or to secure their non-evasion was not quite clear. The day was worthy of a London November's reputation, though the dingy air, about as thick as gruel, was not so abso-

lutely opaque that objects were quite indistinguishable. In fact, as the little *cortège* neared its goal, the face of a lady, splashing them with the wheels of her smart brougham as she dashed by, was recognized by Lord Clanballyas that of Lady Thoms; and, what was more, he not only saw her, but saw also that she was undisguisedly crying. Either she had overestimated the thickness of the fog, or her emotion had got the better of her regard for appearances. The fact remained that, in the second during which he caught sight of her, she was emerging red and crumpled from a pocket-handkerchief.

The parlour maid at No.— looked

dubious when asked as to the "At Homeness" of her mistress. Would see.

Clanbally gave her his card.

"Will you tell Mrs. Baddeley that I should esteem it a very great favour if she would allow us to speak to her for only five minutes."

Whether his voice, always pleasant, and now frightened and deprecating, or the terror-stricken air of his chubby supporters, excited the sympathy or curiosity of the servant, certain it is that she ceased to bar the entrance and, civilly asking them to wait in the hall, departed upwards. As they stood, trepidating



"You see before you three great criminals."

in the squeezey entrance, Eric and his little brother convulsively clutching their spokesman's hands, a door near them opened and a pair of young people, evidently on their way out, and as evidently unaware of any strangers' neighbourhood, issued tenderly interlaced from it. Clanbally had just time to note that the girl was a pretty, slight slip of a thing, and that the young man wore the features, enlarged and love-illuminated, of Marietta, when they sprang back abashed into their covert, and a moment later the servant reappeared with a request to the visitors to please to walk up.

In compliance, their legs walked up, but not their hearts.

"Lord Clanbally and the Masters Stainer."

A very slender, upright lady stood in the middle of the room, and without speaking or asking them to sit down, bowed icily—so icily that the little boys who had given one timorous squint upwards to see whether mercy or judgment was likely to predominate in their sentence, dropped their eyes at once again to the carpet and glued them there. To Clanbally, on the other hand, the very marked frost of the lady's manner inspired a hope that she had actually been made aware of the extent of their iniquities, and that he might be spared its recapitulation. Her face gave no hint of any such compassionate intention, and he had to clear his dry throat and begin.

"We must ask you to pardon our intrusion, as I am sorry to say that we have come to apologize—to apologize most humbly and penitently—for having unintentionally made you the victim of an odious practical joke."

Still rigid silence. Was she in ignorance of what was coming, or was this determined dumbness a calculated part of the punishment she meant to inflict?

He looked full at her for the first time, and his heart smote him. Was all this suffering written on that small, worn face due to this infernal jest of which he had been the accomplice? The thought was intolerable. Some of it must have been of an older date. He was just thinking that if it were not dressed in such austerity it would be a dear little face—refined and strong and tender—when a glance of iced expectation from her eyes told him he must proceed.

"I hope I may induce you to pardon these boys—you see they are only little fellows!" with a deprecating hand travelling to the top of each abased curly skull. "But as to myself, I have no palliation to offer for my share in the transaction, which was absolutely inexcusable. If, when I first heard of the project, I had thrown cold water upon it, they would have given it up at once. Would you not, boys?"

The boys acknowledged this generous attempt to bear their burden only by a renewed and more convulsive grip of the hands they had never willingly loosed; and if he had hoped to be aided in his confession by any sign of relenting on the part of his auditor, he was speedily disabused. She still stood, a slender, silent ice spear over against him.

"Ten days or a fortnight ago, I was walking down this street, when I met these young friends of mine leaving this door. I thought I saw them drop something into the post-box."

As the words passed his lips it flashed too late upon him what a refutation they contained of his own attempt to whitewash his *protégés* at his own expense, proving him as they did, to have been only an accomplice after the fact. He could but weakly hope that she would not perceive the discrepancy, and, once again clearing his throat, drove desperately on.

"I asked them who their friend in Ebury Street was, who lived at the house I had just seen them leave. They answered that they did not know; I requested them to explain, which—they did."

He had to pause; an unspeakable desire to make tracks before the now imminent confession of what he had connived at bombarding him. With the sense that if he did not rush at it, it would rush him out of the house, he went on with alternate gallops and halts.

"It was a practical joke. They are always idiotic things, but, you see, they are almost babies; and it was their idea of fun."

So far he galloped. Then came a halt—the final one.

"It seems they had got hold of their mother's—Lady Betty Stainer's—visiting cards; I mean the cards that had been left upon her during the past few weeks; and the idea occurred to them that it would be very amusing to leave them one or two at a time, higgledy-piggledy, at any house in the neighbourhood that occurred to them, irrespective of having any acquaintance

with the occupier. They generally dropped them into the post box, and it was thus that you got Lady Thoms'."

The murder was out; and last he heard the sound of her voice.

"And you encouraged them?"

He had thought that any form of speech must be preferable to her silence, yet now he wished it back.

"And you encouraged them?"

"I gave them half a crown apiece to go on doing it. I thought it such a good joke."

His head sank wretchedly on his breast as he ended. How horribly pointless, and even blackguard, now appeared the piece of mischief that in conception had looked so innocently humorous.

Again silence.

"I hardly dare ask you to forgive us. Of course, it must seem impossible to you at this first moment of hearing."

"I had heard of it already."

The thought flashed across him that she had half-avenged herself by not saving him the wriggling ignominy of his confession, as this acknowledgment showed him she might have done.

"You had?"

"Lady Betty Stainer thought it better to communicate it to Lady Thoms, who told it to me."

This, then, was the explanation of the tear-blurred apparition of Marietta seen through the brougham window.

"Been here?" cried Clanbally, with Celtic effusiveness. "I felt sure that she would come. After all, I knew that her heart was in the right place!"

Mrs. Baddeley made no reply, but a

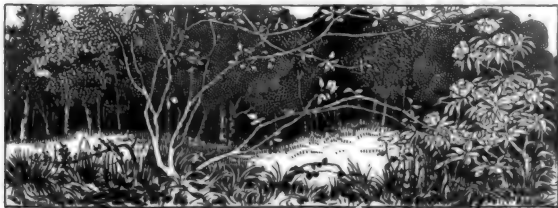
look on her delicate, austere face, a tight compression of her pale lips, told him more eloquently than any river of objuratory words could, how little due to any excellence of the organ he referred to, how entirely under filial compulsion, had been the amends offered by his ex-love.

"We do not know how to thank you for having granted us this interview—do we, boys?—this opportunity for expressing our heartfelt repentance—heartfelt, isn't it, boys?—and if we could only go away feeling that we had not done you an irremediable injury, that our wretched practical joke had not cost you——" he broke off, having involuntarily stepped much nearer to her, so much nearer that he could see plainer than before the havoc in her face, the tragedy in her worn eyes.

She took up his word.

"It cost me," she said, "the bitterest half-hour of a bitter life!" Then, seeing his start of dismay, and mollified perhaps by the tears that had sprung to his eyes, she added more gently, "But it is over; and I see that you meant no harm, only if I were you"—her look embraced the guilty three—"in future, if I could not hit on better ones than this, I think I would give up making jokes at all."

They crawled away, down the stairs of the house; whence at their entrance the two young people had blundered out. Upon the trembling band the sound of happy, light love-laughter reached their ears. It was the only part of the affair on which Clanbally could ever afterwards think with comfort.



THEATRICAL SCULPTURES OF ONslow FORD, R.A.

By C. C. STRAND.

THE appreciation of sculpture rests on an understanding of its principles and aims. We need only turn to that wonderful disquisition, the "Laocoon" of Lessing, to see what profound and important questions are involved in the conception of a statue. Sculpture is the imitative art *par excellence*; but the possibilities of the art are regulated by its special limitations. Heroism has been the birth of sculpture, when the desire existed to perpetuate great and noble achievements by lasting memori-

als, but the triumphs of the actor's art have also engaged the attention of the leading sculptors of the century, and we have in this country a series of busts and statues of our leading actors, from Garrick to Irving. It was fitting, therefore, that the leading actor of to-day should give the leading sculptor his first start along the road in which he has met with so much fame and good fortune. The sculptor is no other than Mr. Onslow Ford, who from his boyhood had always much admired Irvings'



Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A.

From the oil-painting by J. M'Leur Hamilton Royal Academy, 1862.

Shakespearean performances. "I went to see his Hamlet again and again, and I longed to do a statue of him in that character. But it was some time before I could get an introduction to him, and a still longer time before I succeeded in seeing him. Recognizing that I was a young man on the first rung of the ladder, he consented at once, and, moreover, purchased the statue when it was finished."

This statue was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1883, and a *replica* of it was presented by the sculptor to the City of London, and is now on view in the Guildhall Art Gallery, where it attracts a good deal of attention. The keynote of the statue is simplicity. There is an absence of effort and obtrusive display of means. There is vitality; not the bland external aspect, the ephemeral accidental surface, but the inner and deeper truth of nature of the character portrayed.

Mr. Onslow Ford is one of those sculptors whose studio and home are one,

and his sanctum at St. John's Wood, wherein, for the last thirteen years, he has created the works that have brought him fame, is used as a studio and family sitting room combined. There, when he has finished "pinching mud," as he expresses it, he chats with his friends over the glow of a real old English fire, and down the staircase leading into this quaint sunken studio comes gentle, sweet-faced Mrs.



Mr. Henry Irving as "Hamlet."

Ford, a woman with hair simply parted and bound with velvet, whose calm presence brings with it a suggestion of old-world fragrance. Some time back

the studio was the rendezvous of fashion, for Mr. Ford, it will be remembered, had a share in posing the Society *tableaux* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Ford complains that his studio is small, and apologizes for its untidy, dirty condition. But it is just this absence of conventionality — this untidiness, if you will — that is the charm of the studio. Leading from the chief workroom, are three other studios. Mr. Ford, in his quaint way, describes the suite as "dirty, dirtier, dirtiest, very dirty." The most important work he has been engaged upon during the past year was a Jubilee statue of the Queen, double life-size. The sittings were given at Osborne and Windsor in 1899, and the statue is an absolute portrait of the Queen as she is. Looking around the studio one comes upon statues of Sir Henry Irving and Professor Huxley, and other famous men who have sat to Mr. Ford, but owing to exigencies of space, I must limit myself to the theatrical sculptures of Mr. Ford, and

they also are limited to those reproduced in this article.

The bronze statuette of Sir Henry Irving as Mathias, was presented to the famous tragedian by the staff of the Lyceum Theatre in commemoration of his having acted in "The Bells" annually for twenty-one years. When Mr. Ford's memorial to "Kit" Marlowe was erected in the poet's native town of Canterbury, in September, 1891, Sir Henry Irving was invited to unveil it, and he made an admirable speech, eulogizing Marlowe as one of the greatest and earliest of the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan age. The memorial is situated close to Christ Church gate, and consists of a stone pedestal supporting a life-size statue of the Lyric Muse, in bronze. In the course of his speech, Sir Henry said, "What manner of man Marlowe was in outward seeming, I suppose nobody knows, but even if it were familiar to us the counterfeit pre-



Sir Henry Irving as "Mathias."

sentment could not have the force and significance of the beautiful figure which we owe to the art of the sculptor."

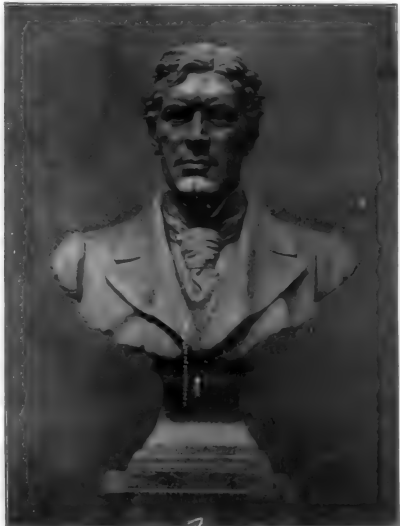
From his appearance, Mr. Ford might easily be mistaken for a foreigner, but as a matter of fact he was born in

London, *albeit* his close-cropped, alert hair, his "imperial," and long wavy moustache, several shades lighter than the hair on his head, give the impression of a nationality other than English. His keen grey eyes are shadowed by well-marked brows; he is rather slight of build, and of average height. In his loose white working coat, and blue spotted necktie, knotted in a full careless bow, he looks an artist to the finger-tips. His friends know him to be a man of refined tastes and modesty, but a jolly good fellow withal, with a keen sense of humour, as some of the amusing anecdotes he told the Editor of M.A.P. about his career will confirm. Here are two. They refer to a period when he was modelling some camels at the Zoo for his Statue of Gordon. A couple of boys stood by and watched him as he worked. At length one of them grew weary and said to his companion, "Let's move on now." "No," replied the other, "wait a bit and see the thing finished." The model was only about twelve inches in length, and no doubt the boy thought that an equal number of minutes would suffice to complete such a little thing! On another occasion, still at the Zoo, a man who bore the air of a dissenting minister, approached the sculptor. "Are you engaged by the society to model all the animals here?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "Are you paid by time or by the job?" "By the job." "Do you work for a firm or for yourself?" "For myself." "Well, how much do you expect to get for that little thing?" Probably he thought about a sovereign or so. "Three thousand

guineas," said Mr. Ford, and the minister, with an incredulous sneer, walked away.

Mr. Ford was educated at a Blackheath Proprietary School, and studied at the Antwerp Royal Academy in 1870, then he went to Munich Royal Academy for two years, and fell in love with the second daughter of Herr B. Franz von Kreüsser, and was married in Munich in 1872. He has two sons, both of whom are painters. The younger, Wolfram, at the age of twenty, has produced really wonderful work.

It was only after Mr. Ford had settled down in London with a studio of his own that he was able to work by himself, to model out his own ideas, and individualize his clay. That was a great day when the Academy first accepted



Mr. George Alexander.

his work. Since then he has exhibited for twenty-five years in succession at Burlington House. He was elected an Associate in 1888, and seven years later was made an R.A., and the Academy showed their appreciation of his work by purchasing his statuette of "Folly." Among the most noted examples of his art are the statues of Gladstone in

the City Liberal Club; the Gordon Memorial at Chatham; the Shelley Memorial at Oxford, and the Strathnairn statue in London; and although he has only done one or two theatrical sculptures, he is an enthusiastic theatre-goer, and has been a well known figure at Lyceum first-nights under the Irving *regime*.





Photo by Taima, Melbourne.

Mrs. Brown Potter as Juliet.

"Sweet, good-night
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast."



On the Deck of the "Vasna."

BY FRANK DUTTON.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN miles west of Ceylon and about four degrees north of the Equator is the centre of our Eastern Utopia, the Maldivé Islands, where all men are equal, a few rich, none poor, and all are happy—there is no money required, barter being the method of business, no crime and no police, in fact, they are an ideally happy community.

It was my luck to be able to go to this delightful place, and after about six hours' notice I was, armed with my camera, soon aboard the s.s. *Vasna* in Colombo Harbour. The cargo being stowed and steam up, we hoisted the pilot's flag and were soon forging our way through the rolling waves. We were unfortunate in the time of year for making the trip, as the south west monsoon was still blowing with tremendous force, and the two days that it took us to cover the distance of 415 miles were of extreme discomfort. The cabins and saloon of the good ship *Vasna* were infested with rats and cockroaches, the smell from the latter in a cabin with the portholes battened down

and in the tropics was awful to a degree, and compelled us to dress, &c., on deck. The pitching and rolling we got was far too much for us landlubbers, and I even noticed that the officers were particularly careful with their diet. However, we persevered, and put in an appearance at each meal—just living on tastes.

On the second evening out we sighted the Maldives, which seemed to be groups of coral islands or atolls varying in size, the larger ones being from about three miles long, while the small ones would barely cover an acre. Owing to the meagre information on the chart, it was with difficulty that the channel was found, and just as we were about to enter, a fearful storm burst over us so that we could see nothing, so we had to turn about and make a complete circle while the storm was passing.

The sea here is a lovely green of unfathomable depth, and Malé, the capital of the Maldives gave us a charming impression, the glistening waves breaking over the coral reefs, and the sea studded with little islands covered with



The Picturesque Harbour.

dense tropical foliage, topped by the graceful cocoanut palms rising from the water through the brilliant coral sand.

Having safely got into quiet water directly opposite Málé, we were soon having a first glimpse through telescopes and could see the rigging of native craft lying inside Málé harbour, and behind them the godowns or stores and the sea shore lined with masses of curious people who had not till very recently seen a steamer. We were soon aware of the Sultan's importance, and his desire to be up-to-date, by the arrival of the "Port Surgeon" to see if we had a clean bill of health. Having assured himself that the ship was free from plague, cholera, &c., permission was granted us to go ashore, but as it was getting dusk we thought we would wait till to-morrow to pay our respects to the Sultan.

Discharging the cargo of rice was soon started, and flocks of natives came

on board, ostensibly to assist in that operation, but really to satisfy their curiosity and have a look round, and not a single corner of the ship did they miss peeping into before any work was commenced, and it is greatly to their credit that, although they had the free run of the ship, cabins, &c., not a single thing was missing, a different state of



This is the way rice is unloaded.

affairs to all other ports in the East, where to keep things safe portholes have to be closed and cabin doors locked.



A charming native street.

Owing to the fact that the natives of Málé had seen so few white men before, we did not receive the reverence which one expects from Indians, but in spite of this they proved most hospitable and friendly, and were always thinking of something we might like to see that was interesting.

order to impress us with the Sultan's vast importance, we were kept waiting in the Prime Minister's house while our salaams were being conveyed to the Sultan through the various ministers, and at last we were acquainted with his pleasure that he much desired an interview, but, being unwell, would be

Next morning the Sultan's state barge came off to fetch us, with the interpreter on board. On landing we walked through the hot and glaring streets to the palace, followed by an admiring crowd which grew every minute, and it was very strange—looking straight ahead we could hardly see a single person, while on turning round a sea of faces was close behind us.

With true Oriental pomp, and in



This is a queer native Praying-tower.

unable to see us, but hoped his ministers would see that we had everything we wanted.

Having received his authority, we were shown round Malé, where the white coral sand and the whitewashed mosques make a fearful glare, and throw up a wave of heat in the hot, still air. The ordinary inhabitant hardly knew what to make of us, and the more venturesome scrutinized us very carefully. One in particular had his eye riveted on me, and seemed to

swing shut, and as we walked along we could see at a distance women's heads peeping out and gradually withdrawn as we approached, when they viewed us through little cracks in the fence. The women folk are very shy, and we hardly saw one close to. Sometimes if going round a corner we chanced to meet one, she would instantly dart into one of the gardens and slam the door to, and when I wanted to take a photo of a street next day, the moment I rigged up my camera for the purpose



The Sultan's Palace.

be taking stock of every movement. The cause of this interest, the interpreter afterwards told me, was, he could not make out why I was not smoking cigars like the others. Strolling along we saw several Mohammedan mosques and burial grounds, the walls of which are decorated with innumerable small white flags and a large round tower where the priest says prayers.

The native huts are all built of coral walls and cadjan roofs (plaited cocoanut leaves), and are enclosed by a fence about six feet high of cadjans, with little doors which are balanced to

the people vanished like magic and the street looked the picture of desolation.

We wended our way to the house of the Minister of Finance, where we were glad to quench our thirst with water from cocoanuts, and while sitting outside the house we were for all the world like a show, being stared at by hundreds of curious natives, who were chattering away and passing remarks which would have been interesting could we have understood them.

The minister's house and the interior made one instinctively think of the Old Testament—the pompous Indian



These are "Buggalows."

tal style, the staple dish being curry and rice, while dotted about the table were spices and all the tasty etceteras for curry interspersed with small dishes of native sweetmeats and chapatties (native bread). Knives and forks were provided for our use, while they, of course, like all eastern nations, used their hands; sickly sherbet was served to us in very fancy glasses, and at the end of the meal we

with the flowing robes, and the bedroom draped with brilliant and gaudy lace, and the bed littered with soft and downy pillows and hanging with dainty curtains, and overhead an elaborate punkah noiselessly swings. An old time brass lamp of oil floating on water helps also to complete the picture, which seemed quite what to my mind would be the style of those days.

In looking round we saw at every chink in a door, window, or other point of vantage, a woman's hazel eye glistening, they appear just as curious as the men, only they wanted to see us and for us not to see them.

There seemed to be tremendous bustle and preparations inside the house, the reason of which was explained when we were invited to take breakfast with the ministers. The breakfast, an enormous 'feast' was served in true Orien-

inwardly congratulated ourselves that we had got through it safely to ourselves and, what we were more afraid of, not having hurt their feelings by refusing most impossible dishes. Although I tried almost everything I was invariably disappointed. One sweetmeat made from the cocoanut was delicious, and yet on the dish it looked most uninviting.

The meal finished up by a servant



The Sultan's Gorgeous Bodyguard.

bringing round a brass bowl and a brass jug with a long spout to it to act as a finger bowl.

After half an hour's siesta we returned to our ship, longing for a spell to collect our thoughts and ruminate over the many strange things we had seen that morning.

During the unloading operations much amusement was caused by giving the natives small lumps of ice, an unknown thing to them. They would drop it, change it from hand to hand, blow on it, and finally the most daring put it to their mouths, and finding no evil results from it, they wrapped it up in their waist cloth to take home to show their people ashore.

To while away the time I took a gramophone with me and this beyond everything interested the natives—the songs they didn't appreciate, but the band pieces, and especially the bag-



Firing a Salute.

pipes, were much to their liking. The Sultan got to hear of the gramophone, and requested that he might see it, so we took it ashore next day. He was much disappointed it didn't play Hindustani tunes.

The primary object of our visit was to examine the Harbour to see if it would be possible to dredge it to allow the native Buggalows to run right in, instead of anchoring out some distance.

The harbour is protected by a long coral break-water constructed by the natives many years ago, and it is a fine piece of workmanship, of great size, considering the smallness of the community. It is maintained by everybody. Each rich man of the Maldives has a little portion marked off which he must keep in repair and in good order.

After making a



The Sultan goes for a ride in his Palanquin.



Sword dancers having a bout.

careful survey of the harbour and taking many soundings and borings, we sent in a preliminary report to the Sultan that dredging would be quite feasible, which he was much pleased to hear.

On Friday, as being the Mohammedan Sabbath, all work was suspended, and that day is the only one on which the Sultan is to be seen. He or his kinsfolk leave the Palace in state with great dignity, and go to the Mosque, where a service is held of some hours' duration.

A blast of trumpets and shouting herald his departure from the Mosque in a state palanquin, which I snapped. A procession is now formed and goes all round the village with a band of cornets, trombones, drums, &c., and finally arrives in the courtyard of the Palace, where the dancing and festivities are to take place.

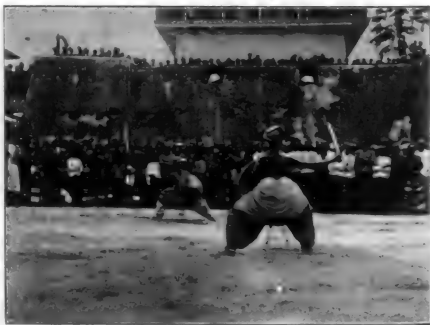
The upper rooms and the battlements surrounding the

courtyard are given over to the womenfolk and children of the Islanders, while the men make a large circle in the courtyard, and at the top of the circle the Sultan's brother and son sit in state in their gorgeous palanquins, decked in silk and golden robes with jewelled turbans on. Servants in front are fanning them with large peacock feather fans, while others slowly ro-

tate large sunshades over the palanquins.

By special authority from the Sultan we were accommodated with chairs at the edge of the circle to watch the performance, and here again my little camera caused much interest among the spectators.

The performance consisted of sword and buckler dances and spear dances, the dancing throughout always being on the same lines, the only variations being in the number of men performing.



The dancers get excited but do not come to close-quarters.



More dancers join the merry bout

It was a long affair, taking quite three hours, which to us, sitting in the blazing sun, seemed monotonous and wearisome, although the dancing was exceedingly well executed to the music of drums, cymbals, and cornets. The sword and buckler dancers dodged about, always dragging their feet heavily through the loose white coral sand, guarding and attacking alternately, and standing in most grotesque attitudes of apparent great difficulty and discomfort.

Each set of performers would after their turn salaam to the Sultan and withdraw, and other dances would commence.

The spear dancing and fencing was much on the same lines as the sword dancing, only a far more active display altogether, and the turns were consequently shorter.

What struck me most during the

whole performance was the exact time the performers kept, and the accuracy and uniformity of their movements.

The performance coming suddenly to an end the bodyguard cleared an opening, and the Sultan's son and brother in their palanquins disappeared within the precincts of the Palace, where they hide themselves from the public gaze till the fol-

lowing Friday. Owing to the fact that the Sultan and his kindred so seldom come outside the Palace, their complexions are quite fair compared to the ordinary run of natives. The son, who appears in most of the dancing photos, looked a nice, intelligent little chap, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him that he should have to live such a cooped-up, uninteresting life.

A royal salute terminated the pro-



These gentlemen are indulging in Spear dances

ceedings, and we wended our way towards our friend Mahomed Didi's house (the Admiral of the Fleet), where we were regaled with tea and plantains (bananas). Mahomed Didi was the only minister who could speak English a little, and he seemed a very interesting and remarkably intelligent man.

Our visit was now quickly drawing to a close, and next day we went

ashore and said "Good-bye" to our native friends, who had made our little visit so very pleasant, and so, we left the good old Maldives, having really found among the natives a lot of men as nice or even nicer than one could possibly expect to find in such a place. Would that we could say the same of the ordinary run of natives one meets in India or Ceylon!



A Lyric of Love.

You, and I, and the sky above,
 And God's fair earth around,
 Whilst the passionate nightingale sings of love
 In a soft, soul-soothing sound.
 And the sighing wind whispers: "Love shall last
 Till the death wind blows with its chilling blast,
 And the future shall conquer the care of the past.
 Love shall last!"

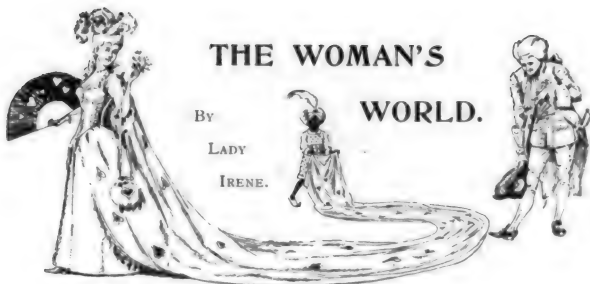
You and I in the mystic night,
 Whilst the Moon sheds its pallid beams,
 And love, like a Will o' the wisp in its flight,
 So near, yet so distant seems.
 And the moaning wind whispers: "Will soon be too late
 For the love that is lost may soon turn into hate."
 My darling!—my darling! oh! why do we wait?
 Love will wane!

You and I in the cold, grey dawn,
 With the veil of night cast away,
 And the glamour of love has faded with morn,
 And died at the chill of the day.
 And the sobbing wind whispers: "It might have been."
 And my heart must break tho' the grass grows green
 O'er the grave where lies hidden the love of my queen.
 Love must die!

Alfred Lord Tennyson,

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

By
LADY
IRENE.



SURELY Dame Fashion has never smiled more benignly on her loving subjects than in this present year of grace. In the past century not infrequently she was arbitrary and wilfully despotic, and the mode of the moment often gracelessly hid our perfections or recklessly revealed our imperfections. *Vide* crinolines, "improvers," and bulky bulging sleeves. But to-day Fashion is considerate for one and all, stumpy or tall, young or old. Free from eccentricities and exaggerations, she imposes nothing upon us but what is in strict accordance with good taste. And in illustration of this truth, regard, I pray you, the gown shown here. It hails from the Maison Nicol, 24 Half Moon Street—to whom has been entrusted Miss Cornwallis-West's trousseau—and was made for Lady Rivers Wilson. It is composed of black-spotted net, with an underskirt of cloth of silver. The panel in the back of the skirt is outlined in black panne, and further adorned with black muslin flowers, sewn on with thick gold thread, while innumerable

little gold balls are dotted here, there,

and
every-
where,
and a

ruching of the
panne completes

the skirt. The bodice is made bébé fashion, with a deep Swiss belt narrowing considerably in the front, and a flounce of the black net edged with the panne, and a fringe of the gold balls surrounds the *decolletage* which glories on the left side in a strap of Russian sable, while the right is draped with Brussels lace, and in the front there is a huge bunch of black muslin chrysanthemums. A gown more artistic or *chic* it would be difficult to imagine. In the days to come, when our great grandchildren shall hunt through magazines to find something worthy of imitation for their Fancy Dress Balls, surely here they will find just cause to sigh for the "good old times."

The newest evening gowns this spring



A Chic Evening Gown.

are to boast long, trailing skirts; while the corsage will be cut low and usually guiltless of sleeves. Gold is the predominant note, and gold sequined robes are

taking the places of the black and steel gowns erst-while so popular. Where they are not mounted over cloth of silver, to be becomingly effective they need two underskirts, one of satin and another of chiffon, and then a very dainty, misty, filmy effect is achieved. My second illustration is a Templier model. It triumphs in the necessary double underskirt, one of white satin, the other of white chiffon, while black spotted net, which is really ubiquitous this season, forms the fitting complement. The net skirt is in graduated tucks, running from the waist to a little below the knees in front, and deepening to within about ten inches of the hem of the train at the back. Two slanting lines of lace insertion indicate the trend of

the tucks, and an appliqué of the lace enriches the hem. The bodice is charming in its simplicity. Lace appliqué defines the white satin yoke, and reappears arranged to produce a very delightful bolero effect at the waist, and then, as a last and final touch, trails its dainty length down the sleeves, and around the frills at the wrists. This or a similar gown is essential to complete every self-respecting woman's wardrobe. Many and varied are its functions. It might first fret its little hour under our own sombre sky at afternoon "at homes" and informal

dinner parties. And then for the lucky one who hies South to catch the first glint of coming summer it will be just the thing for the continental *table d'hôte*.

I may whisper that this model was made for Miss Anna Robinson, an American justly renowned for her smartness, and whose well-known face is to be met at every festive function of importance.

White caracule is again in vogue.

And some of the prettiest dresses at Monte Carlo are adorned with it. One which met with my unqualified admiration was of white cloth over white glacé silk. The skirt had a shaped flounce—tucked in groups of seven slanting tucks—headed with a nine-inch insertion of caracule. The darts on the hips were

laced across with narrow black velvet, and the bolero bodice with a five-inch border of caracule had the darts similarly laced. The vest was of guipure, embroi-

dered with gold thread, and a deep black panne belt, carefully moulded to the figure, had rows of narrow gold galon sewn on at close intervals.

My third picture depicts that popular actress, Miss Maude Hoffman, whose greatest successes have been in conjunction with Charles Wyndham. This costume is a creation of Hayward's, and is made in a pale pearl grey clotin. The very pretty coat sleeves are especially worthy of note. In truth, the whole costume may be accorded—by all those who admire its neatness and com-



A Fascinating Frock.

pleteness—the sincerest form of flattery for tonics, and—imitation.

And now a word about that delightful little addendum, the cravat. It lends itself so easily to home manufacture, that it is specially deserving of mention. A band of gold or silver galon or braid, mounted on black or cream satin, or velvet ribbon, forms the collar stock; the ribbon is brought round from the back to the front, crossed on the chest under the collar band, pinned there with a neat jewelled pin, then carelessly twisted to a becoming length down the front of the bodice, and clasped by an antique buckle, or the ends slipped through an old-fashioned paste or enamel ring. The ends of the cravat to be sewn into gold, crystal, or enamelled tags or aiguillettes to match the buckle or ring.

Everything has its season, and the least observant must recognize that every season has its requirements. The tradesmen remind us of this, and the seasons themselves eloquently voice their needs. Thus the present trying time is loudly calling



A Walking Costume worn by Miss Maud Hoffman.

those who are wise, when worried with chills, colds, and coughs, give heed. One of the most excellent tonics I know, and of course I speak from personal experience, is "Dr. Horn's Phosphorus Compound," containing free phosphorus, iron, and quinine, of which *Science Siftings* says: "Dr. Horn has introduced an excellent solution of free phosphorus, which he has designated 'Elixir Phosphori.' Its most noteworthy characteristics are, we find, palatability and stability. It contains neither chloroform nor ether, mixes with water, and is compatible with iron, and quinine, and their combinations. Practitioners who prescribe phosphorus in nervous debility, neuralgia, or insomnia, and where it is sought to avoid nausea, or the unpleasant eructations

which sometimes accompany its ingestions, will find Elixir Phosphori (Horn) very useful." The preparation is also made up with iron and quinine, as already mentioned, in a form to suit popular requirements.

A SONG.

The dew is not the dusk's alone,
But falls and finds the happy dawn;
And there are tears—joy's very own—
When longing's darkness is withdrawn.

Oh! surely when my love comes near,
And summer's all the world to me,
My heart cries: "Lo, thy moon is here!"
And yet mine eyes can scarcely see.

J. J. Bell.



OUR CAUSERIE.



Birds of Passage.

A number of society folk trooped off to the South at the first breath of cold weather, and it was quite a sight to see the *train de luxe* start off from Charing Cross. Constant meetings and greetings occurred between those who were going and those who were left behind. "You are off, too?" one would say to another. "Going to Monty? Good-bye! I hope you'll have good luck." The stayers in town cannot help feeling a bit envious of the birds of passage, who are going to display their brilliant plumage in such sunny climes. The very thought of Egypt or the Riviera seems to make the London cold and fog more difficult to bear. Yet London has cast off a little of its dulness during the past month. There have been plenty of good pieces at the theatres, and a good deal of entertaining going on. The Hunt Balls have brightened up the country, and a good many dances have been given in town. Lord Roberts' home-coming has been the occasion of a great deal of festivity, and we are beginning to hope that the end of the war is within appreciable distance. Those who have been plunged into mourning

by the war cannot help feeling glad that the festive season is past, but taking one thing with another, the holiday time has not been quite so dreary as it was last year, when the result of the war seemed doubtful in the extreme.

Amende
Honorable.

In October we published some verse by Mr. R. P. Fenn, which, as we said last month, when we published some metrical replies to it, was very aggressively inclined towards women generally, and we chided the poet for his lack of gallantry. Now he sees the error of his ways, and responds with the following, which mends matters—a trifle:—

"Six of one—and
half a dozen of
the other."

We worship all at Beauty's
shrine:
We call our Lady's charms
divine:

And, if our idol shattered fall,
Our hearts, we cry, are broken—
Yet seek, for men are fickle all,
Another fair one's token:
We say that She was false and free—
But so, my brethren, so were we.

And they who charm us—what are they?
Changing, and ranging, day to day:
"Man's heart," say they, "was made to
break."

And cast us off at whim and pleasure:
And then they say, 'tis men forsake,
Who live to lie, and love, in leisure:
Ye say that men are false and free—
But so, my sisters, so are ye.

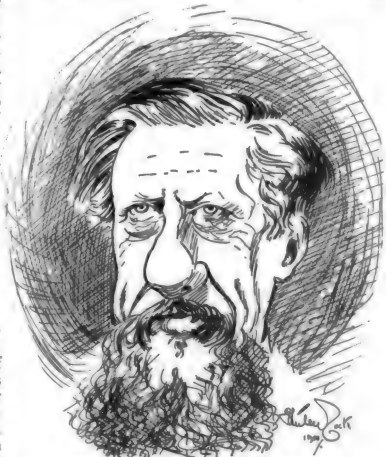
Society Clubs.

Literary London has started a good many clubs, and the meetings of the "O.P." club have formed an interesting feature in the theatrical world. The "New Vagabonds'" dinner to

Lord Dundonald was the occasion of a very agreeable gathering, and the subsequent *soirée* was particularly successful. The most amusing speech of the evening was made by Mr. Pett Ridge, the author of "Mord Em'ly." Many pretty dresses were worn on this occasion, but no one looked better than Madame Amy Sherwin, who was a radiant vision in pale blue *crêpe de Chine*, sparkling with moonlight sequins, a garniture of pale pink Banksia roses nestling in the bodice. She looked so fresh and bright that no one would have suspected she had come straight from a long concert at the Queen's Hall, where she had been singing many times. She had a great success at the "Vagabonds," her lovely soprano notes being well displayed by a Venetian boat song. Her voice is just like a flute. When we heard her the other afternoon at Queen's Hall, an old musical critic remarked, "There is no instrument in the orchestra which is so perfect as Amy Sherwin's voice." But to return to our "Vagabonds." An interesting item in the programme was the recitation of Mrs. Tree, who gave weird effect to Rudyard Kipling's "Soldier, soldier, home from the war," with its merciless refrain. Mrs. Tree wore an aesthetic dress in willow-green, with a curious necklace which had a pendant at the back. Lady Granby has one exactly like it. She and Mrs. Tree are the greatest of friends, and often dress entirely alike, even to their jewellery. Lady White looked well in pale green, as did Mrs. Hal Hurst in black. Miss Lucia Sola (a new singer) looked very pretty indeed in white, with berries in her hair of mountain ash.

HOLIDAY PLEAS.

The theatres are charming just now, and the sight of the holiday audiences has been an infallible cure for the blues. It is delightful to see the children enjoy themselves, and the audience at "Alice in Wonderland" the other night was almost as pretty as the play. The house was packed with little children, and their joy at the sight of the Mad Hatter was something to listen to. Older people than they might be fascinated to see all the familiar characters appearing as in the book: the mock turtle, the griffin, the carpenter, and the rest of them looking exactly as they are in Sir John Tenniel's illustrations. Master George Hersee was excellent as the Cheshire cat, and the white rabbit and the dormouse were charmingly represented. The hornpipe of little Dorothy Frostick (the



The Light of Asia.

first oyster) was something to remember. "Alice" must be a trying rôle for Miss Ellaline Terriss; she is hardly

ever off the stage, and she has such a quantity of songs and dances. She is so gentle and refined, and is so free from the vulgarity of the pantomime.



The Currie Line.

goes through it all with the greatest gaiety, and looks as fresh at the end as she does at the beginning. Her "Alice" is a very charming performance. Parents must be glad to be able to send

their children to an entertainment which is so gentle and refined, and is so free from the vulgarity of the pantomime.

The Christmas season was brightened by many amusing books, among which "The Visits of Elizabeth" stands out especially. Was the naughty Elizabeth quite so innocent as she seemed, or how is it she managed to impart such a flavour of wickedness to her most demure sentences? The most wicked of them always end so innocently with—"Don't you think so, mamma?" Another very charming book is "The Bystander," by Mr. Ashby Sterry. This is emphatically one of the books that ought to be bought—not just skimmed through, but put on a handy bookshelf, say in the bedroom library for choice. It is just a perfect book for reading in bed, and we are not sure that it is not worth having a bad cold for. Whenever you take it up you come across something charming; it does not matter how slight the subject may be,

Mr. Ashby Sterry can embellish it with interest. The Dickens articles are interesting in matter as well as in style, and there is a very original appreciation of Jonas Chuzzlewit. It will be remembered that he took his cousins to see all those sights of London for which no entrance fee was required. Mr. Ashby Sterry applauds him for this, and gives a description of the many interesting objects which have not to be paid for, which the majority

The Lazy Minstrel. Mr. Ashby Sterry has an enormous appreciation for Dickens, and owns many relics of the great novelist, including the despatch-box which he used to take with him on his lecturing tours. Mr. Ashby Sterry's charming little poems, written under the signature of "The Lazy Minstrel," are well known to all feminine readers. Writing poetry is no trouble at all to Mr. Sterry—his thoughts flow into verse without an effort. He says some of his best ideas come to him when he is walking in the streets, or riding on the top of a 'bus. If he is in the train, he makes verses all the time; there is something about the sound of the train which seems to be an assistance to rhyming. Mr. Sterry looks more like a military man than a literary one, with his bright eyes and erect carriage and large iron-grey moustache. He is a rapid and prolific writer; in fact, it is said that "The Lazy Minstrel" is one of the hardest workers in London.

A Well-merited Honour.

Perhaps none of the New-year honours gave more universal pleasure than the knighting of Mr. Robert Harvey. He is one of those men who are deservedly popular, and for whom everyone has a good word. His career has been a most interesting one, and his knowledge of engineering is something quite special. He is a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, as well as a member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and won a Telford Premium at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in 1882, for a description of his machinery in Peru for the manufacture of Iodine. Sir Robert was Colonel North's partner for many years, as nitrate of soda manufacturer, and was chief engineer and inspector-general of nitrate works for both the Peruvian and Chilian governments from 1876 to 1881. Sir

Robert is a native of Truro; it was near this town that he served his apprenticeship in engineering. From there he went to Bolivia to superintend the erection of the machinery of a copper mine, and he then became engineer to a nitrate company, then manager, and finally inspector-general of nitrate works for the Peruvian government. They are very fond of Sir Robert down in Cornwall. In 1897 he was made High Sheriff of Devon, and this year he is High Sheriff of Cornwall. Sir Robert's country residence is at Dundridge, near Totnes, and he has large estates in both Devon and Cornwall. He is a magistrate of both counties, and a liveryman of the City of London and the Merchant Taylors' Company. He has a beautiful town house at Palace Gate, where he gives very fine entertainments during the season. He married, in South America, Miss Alida Godefroy, a very charming



Photo by J. Blahet, Devonport.

Sir Robert Harvey.

lady of Franco-Peruvian family. Sir Robert is very unaffected and simple in



"Sir Walter."

his manner, and has the kindest heart in the world. He has done many a good turn in his time, of which the outside world knows nothing.

What to do with
our Daughters.

A Blue Book of much domestic interest has recently been presented by Miss Ina Stansfeld—one of Her Majesty's Assistant-Inspectors to the Local Government Board. This able report treats of the industrial training of girls in the Poor Law

schools of the Metropolitan district. Miss Stansfeld sifts the wheat from the chaff, and convincingly points out where existing arrangements are failures, and where successful.

"The children of the state," as the modern phrase goes, make excellent domestic servants, and the demand is greatly in excess of the supply. The good and evil effects of cottage homes are carefully noted. Miss Stansfeld also advocates the routine of the associated and block system schools. Properly administered, they are, she says, excellent discipline, and help to form the characters of girls from 14, associated as they necessarily are with the habit to do things in their right and proper order. It is only a secondary point, but Miss Stansfeld points out what a splendid opening cottage homes are for our daughters. Year by year the question presses more and more heavily. The matrimonial market is glutted; governess, typewriter, journalist, hospital nurse, are all vocations seriously overcrowded. And why should not the profession of mother to the orphan children of the State prove attractive to our girls. The pay is fair. The responsibilities are many, but certainly they would form a strong appeal to the "motherliness" of many an unmarried woman.

The Guild of the
Luscious Nectarine.

We have received the following extraordinary programme of a new Society evidently being formed in London. It seems to contain some unkind reference to the Omar Khayamites. What is that strange allusion to the cuckoo? But let us peruse the queer and lordly yellow document—it is headed, "The Guild of the Luscious Nectarine":—

"It is established in the writings of our matchless elder brother, Wang Ch'ang Ling, that the tree of poetry

flourishes in the garden of friendship, and the goldfish of delight haunts the waters of agreeable conversation.

"Of late years, however, the pavilion of pleasant voices has been disturbed by the saucy exultation of the cuckoo, and the spice gardens of the East have been profaned by the poison-flower devils of Western bad manners.

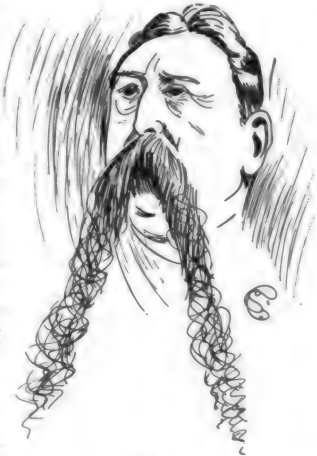
"Now, supposing that any lovers of beautiful secrecy really did exist—would they not be likely to hide themselves in deep mountain recesses, far from the ken of men? On the other hand, persons who hang about the vestibules of their notoriety, and brag of their wonderful choice among rare words—what are they more than common adventurers in search of pelf? How should their nonsense be credited and their conceit endured?

"On this account the dusty scholars of humility have ventured to form the benevolent Guild of the Luscious Nectarine as a bower of delight for the lovers of gentle intercourse. And as, without the solace of composition, there is no outlet for the pent-up soul, it is ruled that the exalted stranger who performs the condescension of desiring to be acquainted with our contemptible regulations shall be informed that, before we permit ourselves to taste of his honeyed conversation, he is requested to gratify us with a specimen of his exquisite skill as a poet of the Luscious Nectarine. Should, however, any member of our grovelling Association, carried away by the madness of presumption, pretend to discern a flaw in the august composition submitted, we shall then despair of inducing the illustrious author to bestow upon us the fuller perfection of his sublime company. Let us, therefore, lay bare the integrity of our own hearts, and prevent the operation of any possible intrigue by adhering closely to the principles of honest friendship. It is humbly proclaimed that letters will, with gratitude, be accepted by the insignificant mandarin, P'EI LIN, 13 Trafalgar Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea."

We greatly wonder if the honeyed conversation of a foreign-devil editor would be to the liking of P'ei Lin; but we yearn so mightily to find our brow adorned with a wreath of luscious nectarines, that we think of sending him a yellow poem, composed in the deep mountain recesses of Fleet Street.

Love
Lyrics.

Mr. Gladstone said on a memorable occasion that there could be no such thing as a minor poet. At his remark the whole of Grub Street rebelled, a thousand grimy fists were raised in the air, and a thousand awful curses were rained on the famous statesman's head. Then he explained, somewhat in this wise: The vulgar speak of a counterfeit as a "bad shilling," but really it is not a shilling at all, either good or bad. On the



"Carrington's Heroe."

same principle, he argued, a writer is either a poet or he is not. Therefore the term "minor" is an inaccuracy.

By-and-by Grub Street accepted this dictum, and nowadays we do not hear so much about minor poets; those who formerly so styled themselves submissively permit themselves to rank as poets. Sometimes they condescend to publish their own wares, at their own expense when their friends will not subscribe. In all cases they are voluminous writers, so voluminous that they really might pose as "major" poets. We are fain to confess, however, that we like a great deal of the verse of those who have never attained any other laurel than the recognition of their own coterie, although among such we do not quite include the "Love Lyrics" of Miss Constance Sutcliffe (Archibald Constable) since this lady has achieved a somewhat wide publicity. Her metre is excellent and polished, while her sentiment rings true, and none can deny the beauty she lends her themes.

The
Nation
Pays.

The question of the Housing of the Poorer Classes is the outcome of our social system and its tendency towards the extremes of riches and poverty, the first, the prize of Life, the second, its reward. The golden mean must be maintained in some way. The Hooligan of the World (miscalled) of Finance is balanced by the Hooligan of the back slum; the millionaire by the pauper; the unscrupulous company promoter by the common thief. And where is the harm? Every man for himself, de'il take the hindmost. The Piper of

Hamlyn plays, and all the rats troop to his music. The Nation, the World itself, pays him, and to a pretty tune. To apply the words of an author who would be forgotten, did not his book, "The Original," by Thomas Walker, haunt the barrows of Farringdon Road: "Whenever the government or individuals contrive to purchase labour for less than its real value, the public has to make up the difference, and something more." As in wages, so in everything, where one gets more than he ought for less than he ought, the Nation pays in the long run, obeying the universal law so clear in relation to individuals.

A coach and
six.

We have already the company promoter boasting that he can drive a coach and six through the new Act for the protection of the public, the Act which came into force on the first day of the glad New Year. But the company promoter, unlike other people, sometimes bluffs. We all know there was a great rush at Somerset House to get Companies in before the new Act. This does not look like over-confidence on the

promoter's part, nor will it inspire it in the public with regard to those enterprises launched under the old Act before the turn of the year. It is said that the promoter's scheme of evasion is to issue no prospectus to the public, but simply to make a market for the shares in the Stock Exchange, and plant the shares upon the public in that way, the public being left with no responsible parties from whom to



Was!

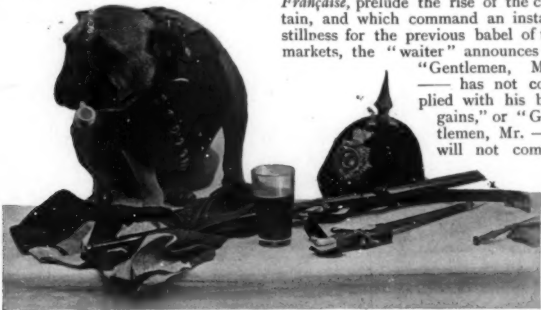
demand redress. It does not sound very feasible for most cases. Besides, the Stock Exchange Committee might, in that case, see its way to prohibit all dealings in new shares for which no prospectus has been issued. Something ought to be done for the protection of the public, as well as of honest men of business.

The Turn of the Year.

The turn of the year in the Westralian Market might well be a warning to anyone, even to that consummate victim, the small investor, who risks his all in the haste

of the century. In the hush of the Market it was like a gigantic death-watch ticking out the last hours of the twenty-six unfortunate members. Thirty-nine times it fell, implying the compulsory hammering of thirteen firms. It should be known, but perhaps is not, that "hammering" may be compulsory or voluntary, active or passive; that a man may be hammered, or may hammer himself, by voluntary declaration of his inability to meet his liabilities. The formula varies accordingly, for after the three strokes of the mallet, which here, as in the *Comedie Française*, prelude the rise of the curtain, and which command an instant stillness for the previous babel of the markets, the "waiter" announces:—

"Gentlemen, Mr. — has not complied with his bargains," or "Gentlemen, Mr. — will not comply



Peace.

to be better off. Nor can we blame him in anything except his imper-spicacity and his confidence in human nature, which leave him, we will not say at the mercy, but at the discretion, of the various financial groups, among some of whom, to quote another too little known book, wiser because wittier than the other, "The Tin Trumpet," by Paul Chatfield, "Speculation is a word often spelled without its first letter." A hard saying, but in the main a true one.

The sound of the "hammer" was very much heard in the 'House' on the unlucky last Saturday

with his bargains." Then the uproar recommences. Mr. Duguid, in his "History of the Stock Exchange," records that only on one occasion did a member actually hear himself hammered, and he, with an expletive as forcible as impolite, there and then took exception to the inveracity of the announcement, which, indeed, was made by an error.

The Jungle.

The Jungle Market, imported from West Africa, lives and thrives and spreads apace in the most tropical parts of the "House." It threatens to become even a second Westralian Market. Already Foreign Rails and Uruguays are engulfed, Rhodesians

grow pale at its advance. The antics of the Kaffir Circus suffer by com-

Gibus, be withal but a bear, or, more likely, a bull, with a sore head. Which things are sobering to the prudent.

Wagers

One Way of Paying Yourself.

are of oc-

casual occurrence in the "House"

—and here of course we again speak of the Stock Exchange and not the place at Westminster—as to whether a particular share will rise above or fall below specified prices within a given time, or

the one sooner than the other. It has been known to happen that a man having made such a bet has gone into the market and been able himself to bid the shares up to the needed price, and thereon has claimed payment of the bet.

And Another Way.

I have

heard of

one who

certainly ought to have been a Scotchman. He had made himself liable by such a bet in a sum which was larger than his wont and required to be provided for. He therefore bought himself through an intermediary from the man with whom

he had the bet a certain number of the shares concerned, and, the price subsequently rising, he sold out to the same man at a profit equal to the amount of his bet. He banked this sum, and in bank it has remained for some considerable time awaiting the decision of the bet, the conditions of which have not yet been reached. This might be described as prudence.

The Stockbroker
An Independent
Gentleman.

Recently we said a little in vindication of the Stockdealer on the charge of gambling. It appears that even the



Prince Charming.

parison. Kaffirriacs, to maintain their dignity, recall the glories of the great "boom." Jungle irresistibly suggests juggle. We shut our eyes, and can see Cinquevalli tossing cannon-ball, top hat, and paper pellet together; the hat, the fair appearance, containing—emptiness; the light weights that are but paper; and the genuine "heavies." They all go up and down together. But let the tyro beware! For though he sport the silk, it may be but a crush(ed) hat if the cannon-ball fall thereon, and thus bonneted he may lose sight of his paper, and, minus

broker, who is in the habit of thinking no little of himself, stands in some need of defence from the superficial cynicism of an ill-informed public. "You are on the Stock Exchange? Then you are one of those people who quarrel on the kerbstone in Broad Street." This, to a member of a body which even the great Corporation of the City of London failed to subdue; which, more powerful and human, has never taken the garb of a City Company, and bows to no authority save that of the Stock Exchange Committee. The claims of the City were strongly held to, and the struggle for freedom lasted for over a century and a half, till 1886, when the Stockbroker ceased to pay dues to the City authority, or to be amenable to it in any way. The authority of the City over the Stockbroker had indeed ceased to be, about sixteen years before, but its claim upon the broker's purse subsisted till the later date, when it was finally abandoned.

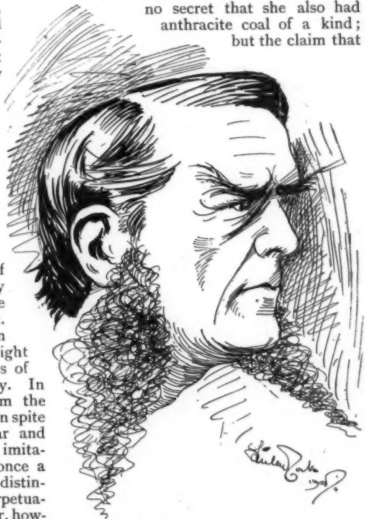
The Lost Insignia.

The victory was due, more to the march of events and the force of circumstances, than to any strictly legal right of the Stockbroker to be independent. However, few people concern themselves with the abstract right of customs which the process of time has made a plain absurdity. In the interest of pure archaism the broker might have continued, in spite of his emancipation, to wear and honour in business hours some imitation of the silver medalion, once a legal badge of servitude, as a distinguishing mark and a quaint perpetuation of an old custom. We fear, however, the Stock Exchange is too utilitarian to entertain the notion. If, however, the revival were to be attempted, what could be more appropriate for it than the close of a Year of Grace in which Bobs, Buller, and B.-P.

buttons have made easy to us an outward exhibition of the thought that is in us? A slight testimonial of this sort, at the expense of the Committee, would be especially apt as a solatium and a something to show for members' subscriptions in a year which, for many, has been, we fancy, comparatively barren.

Enterprising Cambria.

If gallant little Wales makes headway so fast, she will undoubtedly excite the envy and jealousy of her sisters in the United Kingdom. We had occasion once before to refer to her unique possessions of a paying gold mine and the best steam coal. It was no secret that she also had anthracite coal of a kind; but the claim that



"Gentlemen of the Jury."

the deposits of this fuel are of the finest quality and large extent is new to us. But besides all this the men of Penrhyn have stage-managed a new spectacle,

nothing less than a kind of American strike on a scale suited to the size of the country. These fresh attractions, added to her great natural beauties, are likely to make Cambria the Mecca of the tourist in search of information or excitement, if not the Eldorado of the capitalist. It is not in stolid Old England, nor in calculating Bonny Scotland, that you can hope to see a manager and his two sons carried home beaten and bleeding because the men will not have them on the works; or mobs marching over head managers' flower-beds and pelting the managers indoors with mud; nor yet detectives escaping upon locomotive engines. But those may be seen in Wales. In London we can only pull down Hyde Park railings and kill our C.I.V's. with kindness.* Wales may become the predominant partner. Little women are proverbially determined and masterful.

The Imperial Union.

The question of Colonies and their relation to the Empire at large is one that calls for early and careful consideration. The great stumbling block to a genuine Imperial Federation is the great and difficult question of a consonant fiscal policy. In regard to this Canada is placed in the most difficult position because she has, separated only by a frontier which is, for the most part, the merest imaginary line, a great, rich, powerful, jealous neighbour, who covets her lands and goods and pursues a fiscal policy expressly designed in many ways to hamper Canada's intercourse with her. The sooner an Imperial Customs Union can be brought about the better for all parties.

"Tubes" and the Public.

Amid the rush of promotion of Electric Tube Railways, the interest of the Public is likely to be lost sight of. Parliament should be very chary about authorizing them until some really useful scheme of inter-communication has been established between the lines, as proposed, as well as those already in existence. They should all be made to co-operate in the interests of the public, and they should be compelled to accept a uniform rate of fare. In all railway arrangements in this country the interest and convenience of the public is the last considered by the Companies, who regard the public—especially the third-class public—as their prey. This attitude is simply astounding, in the face of the figures provided by the third-class traffic, and is merely another proof of the way in which the most ordinary principles of sound business are disregarded in a country supposed to be commercial *par excellence*. To take one case, we hear of no less than three tube stations proposed in the immediate neighbourhood of Victoria. This, by the present system, will mean that anyone arriving by one tube and wishing to travel by another will either have to come up into the street, or through interminable subways. Whereas, if we must go underground, why not have one station immediately under another, or immediately alongside, at the main centres, with joint lifts stopping upwards and downwards at the different levels? The Companies, or their engineers, will say that anything of the kind is too costly, or impossible. It is for Parliament to see that demands of this kind, in reason, are insisted upon.

